MATURITY WITH CLASS CHIRON RISING MAGAZINE ISSUE 76 $6.95

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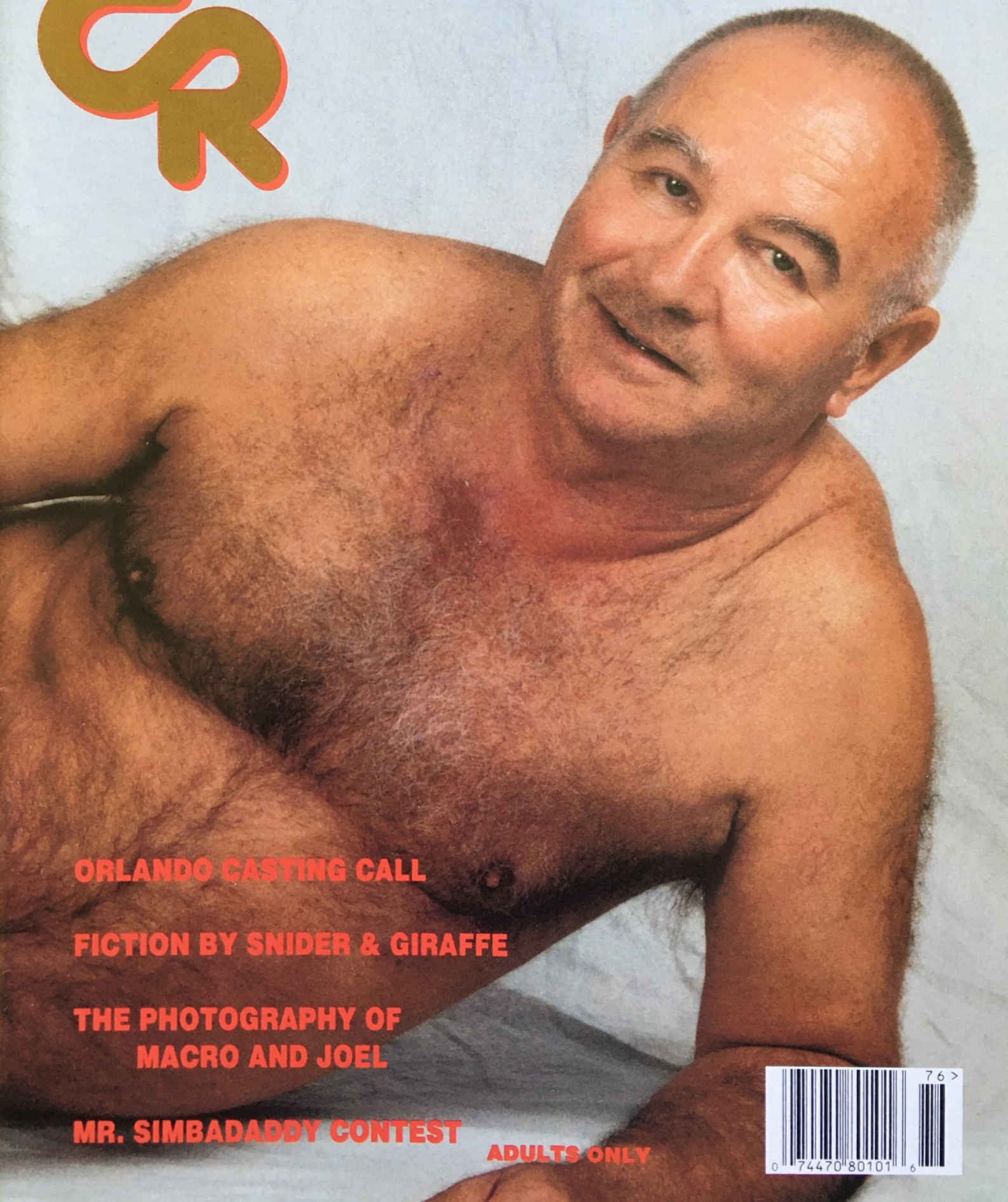

ORLANDO CASTING CALL

FICTION BY SNIDER & GIRAFFE

THE PHOTOGRAPHY OF MACRO AND JOEL

MR. SIMBADADDY CONTEST

ADULTS ONLY

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PAPERMATE

CHIRON RISING MAGAZINE ISSUE 76

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CHIRON RISING MAGAZINE

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To readers: The above address is for disclosure only. Correspondence address is as shown above

MODEL/PHOTOGRAPHER PROFILES

MODELS

FRONT COVER:

SWISS I: 66, 174, 95 kgs. Lives in an open relationship near Berne in Switzerland. Speaks and reads English. Likes stocky men from 55 and up, travel, nude beaches, the sea, big cities, music of all kinds, classic films. Plans to go on the internet soon. Will be in Orlando next year.

Page 2:

TUFFY: 63, 5'-7", 154#, single, Texas. Likes sex, travel, reading, classical music, swimming and working out. Looking for bearded men, similar interests, over 60.

Page 14:

L.D.K.: 64, 5'-6", 200#, Cincinnati, in an open relationship. He likes gentle folk, lovers of the land.

CLARK STUART.: 54, 5'-8", 164#, Dallas, single. Likes working out, movies, dining. Looking for quality men, in-shape, for fun and romance.

Page 15:

TEXAS MUTT: 39, 5'-5", 135#, Texas, single. Prefers baby face, 55 and up, moderate height, portly build, balding white hair, facial hair a plus for guaranteed answer. Likes cooking, home, living and loving.

Page 23:

JONATHAN & SEBASTIAN: 43/61, 5'-8"/5'-11", 167#/200#, Baltimore, in an open relationship with each other. Like art, video, porno, amateur video exchange. Looking for penpals.

SONNY OF LONG BEACH: 63, 5'-11", 170#, Long Beach, single. Likes movies, dining out, TV/video, music, antiques, garage sales, travel, cooking/baking, and entertaining at home. Looking for a monogamous relationship with younger man, nonsmoker, non-drug user, HIV negative and top a plus (versatile okay).

Page 24:

SILENUS HONEY: 67, 5'-10", 240#, Los Angeles, single. Likes gentle bears, silver bears, mature men, sense of humor, theater, films. Looking to enlarge his circle of friends in the CR and Bear communities, exchange pictures and gifts

Page 26:

THE RACER: 27, 6 ft., 200#, Indianapolis, in a closed relationship. He's a pro drag racer and loves fishing. Looking for pen pals, admirers, 45 and up.

Page 27:

PAIR OF JACKS: 61/69, 5'-9"/5'-8", 215#/220#, in a closed relationship, Miami. They like same age or older and are looking for bears and friendship. In the process of moving to Palm Springs.

Page 28:

B.K.: 52, 5'-8", 180#, Sacramento, single. Likes Northern Arizona, Sierras, archeological research, stonework, outdoors, his library. Looking for physical compatibility and intellectual companionship with hairy men, 50 and up, with possibility of a long-term relationship.

Page 29:

MOUNTAIN BIKER: 50, 5'-10", 160#, Northeast, in a personal relationship with TISH, 60, 6'-1", 200#. They're both into nudism, camping, biking. They love to cook, sun in the buff, travel and meet people

Page 30:

OZARK CUB: 30, 5'-10", 190#, South-Central Missouri, single. Likes photography, canoeing, camping, movies, music, art. Looking for a big, beefy, masculine top teddy bear (225-325# and 30-45 years old) who resembles John Goodman or the pro wrestler Vader.

VALENTINO: 58, 5'-10", 158#, San Diego, single. Likes music, movies, dinners, quiet evenings at home, light social activities. Looking for 40+ bear type with beard, nonsmoker, HIV negative, light drinker, stable for monogamous relationship with the right person.

ASCHE: 71, 5'-7", 152#, Seattle, single. Likes photography, gardening, woodworking, reading and corresponding. Looking for correspondence with younger readers who appreciate a mature person.

MAHAL: 54, 5'-9", 192#, San Diego, single. Likes gardening, cooking, dogs, ocean, travel. Looking for 50-65, stocky to slightly overweight white male to share and enjoy the simple things in life.

Page 31:

NOVATO: 38, 5'-10", 160#, Northern California, single. Likes unaffected mature men, conversation. Looking for an honest, mature adult with simple tastes and a positive outlook on things.

BUBBA: 33, 6 ft., 185#, Tennessee, in a personal relationship. Likes antique toys, kites, traveling. Looking for great new places to explore, good friends. He and his partner, George, like to explore new areas.

MACRO: 30, 5'-11", 205#, Salt Lake City, in a long-term, open relationship. See more under PHOTOGRAPHERS.

JOEL: 32, Austin, in an open relationship with CR model THOM. See more under PHOTOGRAPHERS.

TOOTS: 71, 5'-4", 136#, Tennessee, in a closed relationship. He likes antiques.

Page 32:

COH: 68, 5'-10", 195#, South-

ern California High Desert, single. Likes music, reading, quiet evenings, the beach, desert nights. Looking for straight-acting man who needs lots of loving and who is sincere, honest, nonsmoking and drug free.

Page 33:

MICHIGAN MONTE: 65, , 5'-8", 210#, Michigan/Florida, single. Likes cooking, gardening, swimming, classical music, classic cars. Looking for slim, nonsmoker, light drinker, 35 to 55, who likes to cuddle and kiss and is relationship-oriented.

DADDY BEN: 73, 5'-8", 150#, San Diego, single. Likes leather, nudity, outdoors, radical faeries. Looking for a man's man.

VIRGINIA ERNIE: 72, 5'-6", 142#, Miami Beach & New York, in an open relationship. Looking for 45-65, husky, masculine, mature men for friends.

Page 34:

PAPERMATE: 54, 5'-9", 230#, South Texas, single. Likes foreign and domestic travel, museums, outdoors, quiet evenings, cuddling, lots of hands-on affection. Looking for stocky, 40-65, for friendship or monogamous relationship. Penpals welcome.

KOALA: 36, 5'-6", 210#, Queensland Australia, in a closed relationship. Likes middle-aged men. Looking for other CR subscribers from Australia and New Zealand for correspondence.

MOVIE BUFF: 5'-4", 230#, Ft. Worth, single. Likes music, fine foods, traveling. Looking for Mr. Right, someone to share life with.

IDAHO KEN: 51, 5'-9", 245#, Pocotello, single. Likes outdoor activities, cooking, plants, gardening. Looking for a person to correspond with, 25 to 50.

Page 35:

TAFFY: 72, 5'-7", 180#, Wales, single. Likes light & classical music, gardening, cats, theatre, meeting gays from other countries. Looking for younger friends worldwide, all races welcome. Prefer masculine, active guys, especially from the U.S.

Page 36:

LORY: 70, 5'-9", 140#, S.F. Bay Area, in an open relationship. Likes theatre, travel, reading, being lazy, and, of course, having fun. Looking for men who like to kiss, cuddle and all the other things. Age, race not important

Page 40:

LEO JIM: 60, 5'-8", 184#, South San Francisco, single. Likes fishing, swimming, cooking, porn videos, traveling, sailing, drug-free friends. Looking for an open-minded man his own age who is fun-loving, has no hangups, and loves being nude.

Page 45:

ERNIE BABY: 65, 5'-7", 190#, Tucson, single. Likes older men, 60-80. Looking for someone to share life with. Seeks someone easy to get along with who likes to travel.

Page 46:

FUZZY 1: 45, 5'-10", 140#, South-central Pennsylvania, single. Likes looking at mature men in and out of Jockey briefs, music, sports, shaving, covered bridges. Looking for friendship which may or may not lead to other things.

Page 47:

RIEK.: 52, 5'-10", 178#, Wisconsin, Single. Likes art, camping, hiking, reading, music, spending time with someone special. Looking for a mature man (maturity doesn't have to do with age), adventuresome, commitment oriented, with a sense of humor—someone who likes romantic, quiet evenings.

JAN DE JONGSTE.: 62, Holland, single. Seeks young, honest friend, under 30, for correspondence, visits, maybe more. Likes nature, photography, music and romance.

MISSISSIPPI CUB.: 32, 5'-10", 180#, Mississippi, single. Likes nude events, bowling, theatre, men over 40. Looking for friendships, through mail or in person.

Page 48:

DESERT BEAR: 41, 5'-9", 185#, Phoenix, single. Likes travel, Mexio, videos, swimming and honest guys. Looking for hot Hispanic men, 35-50.

Page 56:

LAYTON: 65, 6'-2", 189#, England, single. Likes hairy faces, reading, walking dogs, classical music, architecture. Looking for frank correspondence with other mature hirsutes, uninhibited, smokeless, 100% gay men anywhere.

SHIRT LIFTER.: 38, 6 ft., 198#, London, single. Likes music, theatre, sci-fi cinema, markets. Looking for romantic, receptive, lightly tanned chubby, 5'-4" (or so), late 50s, to live with me in London.

Page 59:

FREDDY GATOR: 65, 5'-10", 260#, Tampa, single. Likes biking, swimming, bowling, nudity, hairy men. Looking for a hairy dude between 30 and 70.

BACK COVER:

BEACH BOY: 27, 5'-11", 180#, South Florida, single. Likes sports, massage, movies, and men in recovery. Looking for nice, 50-65, shorter Daddy-types.

PRINCIPAL PHOTOGRAPHERS

MICHAEL DEVEAU is a realtor who lives in Palm Springs. He's really coming into his own in the area of photography and took quite a few shots at the San Diego Gathering. See his display ad in this issue.

JOEL lives in Austin with his lifemate, CR hall of famer and supermodel, THOM. They enjoy a loving, open relationship. JOEL is also a Hall of Famer and was a staff photographer in San Diego.

MACRO lives in Utah with his fiftysomething burly bear. They enjoy a loving open relationship. Because of his phenomenal contributions to CR, he was inducted into the CR Hall of Fame during the '96 Convention.

FORUM

SAN DIEGO

I have been around for a very long time and have seen every type of gathering, convention, assemblage, congregation, congress, council and large sales meeting, and I was never impressed. But in the case of the Gathering in San Diego, I must admit that I was impressed. The only other time I was impressed was with the convention nominating Harry Truman to run for the presidency on his own in 1948. Of course, I was 18 then, and as anyone knows, an 18-year-old guy can be impressed by anything in pants with gray hair. What impressed me in San Diego was the efficiency and the labor that went into making it such a great success. What disappointed me were the few (very few) that complained and whimpered in our issue #75. I direct you to the remarks about the food. It was very good and the service was outstanding. We were there to enjoy the days together with comradeship and loving, which was everywhere. The hours, days, weeks, and months spent by you guys to put on something like this for us is unheard of. There is always someone who doesn't get it, and they are the ones who yell the loudest. So guys, let them run down hill and forget it. You are the best. To prove my point, my other half and I have already paid our registration fee and have made reservations at the hotel in Orlando. We hope to find all of the guys there including the ones who have by now thought twice about what they said. I hope to see all the guys we met from San Diego (including PAPERMATE) there in Orlando and have the opportunity to meet so many more. TUFLUVDAD/SONLUVDAD

I spent three days of my life in San Diego, and I think I will remember them for all my life. I was so enthusiastic that I wrote an article about the gathering for *Babilonia*, the Italian gay magazine. In September they'll publish it, and I'll send you a copy. Thank you for all. Vallerio/Italy

I would like to congratulate you on the well-run San Diego Gathering, but also to complain about my extreme disappointment in there being no nude events such as took place in Room 1414 in Orlando. I do understand how careful we all have to be in order to remain on good terms with the hotel management, but I must also emphasize (and I think I'm in the majority) that as gay men, part of our "difference" is in the extent to which we enjoy and thrive on safe sexual opportunities. Please don't suggest that we find them on our own on a one-to-one basis. Obviously if we were all able to achieve that kind of success easily, we wouldn't go to the trouble and expense of the 3,000 mile trip. Most of us are looking for and hoping for easy-come, easy-go encounters. Why don't you take a discreet poll of your readership? I'm afraid you've lost out on my early deposit for next year. I'll wait till I find out whether you'll be having a change of heart. B.S./New York

We never took a poll, but our mail has been about 50 to 1 in favor of our position of not sponsoring or condoning organized "nude parties." But that's a moot point. Even if the mail were 50 to 1 against, we'd still maintain our position because of the huge risk involved. PHC

Great gathering! Stick to your guns about public sex in hot tubs and orgy rooms. A San Francisco street orgy "festival" you ain't. Why do you think your attendance is increasing? Griff/Dallas

INDIANAPOLIS

You guys beat all. You throw a smashing convention for 1,400 in San Diego, then you turn right around and put on a humdinger for 160 in Indianapolis. I can assure you that nothing like this has ever happened in Indianapolis before, and those who were too afraid to come are probably kicking themselves after hearing about how much fun it was. I swear that I talked to everyone there and never felt so relaxed and surrounded by good-natured people. Even the grannie bartenders and waitresses were having a ball. I think we changed a few perceptions. R.S./Indiana

The hotel has asked us back. PHC

I heard you people don't like to get anonymous letters, but I just can't take a chance. I'll trust you someday, but now I just can't. That Indianapolis party changed my entire life. I live the deacon/family man role until I can take it no longer, then I have to head for the rest stops and parks. As a matter of fact, I got your telephone number from a guy at a rest stop. Boy, am I glad I went to the Ramada. A big room full of real men—truck drivers, farmers, bankers, mechanics, retirees. I met some nice people that I'm already seeing again, so I won't be hitting the rest stop circuit any time soon. Thanks, fellas. Anonymous/Indiana

THE GATHERINGS CONCEPT

After reading your IN CLOSING in #75, I'll bet my next paycheck that

you either have or will soon fundamentally change your philosophy about success. Any fool knows 1) that you have to make money or your business will fail, and 2) you have to spend money to make money. Okay, so your latest investment blew up in your face. Relax and think: Customers can and do share their magazines, depriving CRPI of a fortune in gross sales. It's a bitch, but that's the zine biz. Swan customers can and do copy their videos, depriving Swan of an obscene amount of sales. It's a crying shame, but that's the video game. Now read my lips: *Gathering customers can't share their badges.* Hello? A friend in Houston

THE ORDER

I just got home from the Indianapolis Regional Assembly (my first) and wanted to tell you what a great job everyone did who worked on the gathering. It was terrific! Also, I talked to Bruce after you spoke at dinner and mentioned that I am interested in helping in the new Order of the Silver Simba. In October of 1993, I lost my lover of 16 years to a sudden heart attack. We had been living in Virginia and after he died, I returned to Illinois. After almost two years of grieving, I discovered CR and finally built up the nerve to send in an ad. At the same time, CR published a letter from North Bay Jim, who was suffering through his bereavement and asking for help and advice. So I wrote him and shortly afterward, he called me. Our conversations turned out to be very beneficial to me as well. Only someone who's also gone through the same gut-wrenching, life-changing, guilt-ridden, lonely experience can really say to you, "I know what you're going through." So when I saw Jim's letter in #74 regarding bereavement and your response of setting up the Order, I knew right away that it would be something I would like to help with. I know many of your ideas on this are in the formation state, but please include me in the list of volunteers for my area of the Midwest. SALUKI/Illinois

GOOD NEWS

I want to share the good news with you and your readers. I have a friend who turned 61 on the 10th of August. This in itself is good news, since he discovered he was HIV positive in August of '88—and he *still* has not contracted AIDS. But, he called me from Chicago on August 13th to inform me that he was *now* HIV *negative!* Not only him, but several others at the AIDS clinic where he has been treated for the past five or six years have become HIV negative in the last month or so. Is it an all-out cure ...? Or just for certain people ...? Certain types ...? I don't know .... Whatever, it is fantastic news! J.T./Los Angeles

CAN WE TALK?

I am a tall, good looking bodybuilder from Romania. I am staying in America to find a husband. My passport expires December 1st, so I would like you to run my ad in your publication under "International:" *6'-2", 35 yo Romanian bodybuilder, very handsome, with chiseled facial features. Don't smoke or drink. Am seeking an older man who loves to dress up as a lady and knows about glamour. If I could find a tall male who looks like Joan Rivers, I'd do anything for her. Write: (real name not revealed)* The idea of leaving America for Romania is dreadful, but there I can find 60 to 70-year-old men who dress as ladies. That's the good news. It's impossible in America, because of the emphasis on youth. I am hoping you can help me and I can meet a partner. I will send you a gift if I get lucky. J.P./ Seattle

Since J.P. didn't sign a release or pay for the ad, we didn't use it in the classifieds. We thought we'd give the guy a break in the FORUM, however. Write to him as: CAN WE TALK? PHC

CAN WE SPANK?

Your mag is great! Just the place to look for the strict Pa of my dreams. My ad is as follows: *ADOPT & PUNISH BAD BOY! How would you like to adopt a youngen from downunder? Needs a good home, three square meals, chores, homework, Bible reading, baths and early beds. And a firm hand. Has been known to backchat elders, swear, run in the corridor, not eat his greens, squirm about in church, etc. Previous grandfather who raised him used to pull the lad over his knee and spank living daylights out of him with brushes, slippers and feather dusters. Only super-strict papas who love boys to really, really howl and cry during severe punishment need apply. Child is 26 going on 12 and needs to be treated the entire time like the infantile brat he is wearing pj's, school uniform or little boy clothes. Don't worry about safety words or limits; this is your very bad boy, who will stay over your knee or sofa until you have decided he's had enough. No sex. Will fly in for a trial adoption if the right Papa presents himself. Older the better, as long as you can still thump the bejesus out of my sit-me-down. Suits pa with plenty of time to play a serious "real" role over this unruly young man. Write with photo to: SPANKY/Australia (60 cent stamps, please).* Thanks! R.M./Australia

Another unpaid and unsigned one, but we just couldn't resist including it too. PHC

SAILING TO SINGAPORE

I saw the announcement for the "cruise of a lifetime" in CR #75. My friend and I were just on that same cruise in March/April of '96. We had a great time. On board they offer future cruises at tremendous discounts. Well, we had so much fun that we booked back-to-back cruises, starting in Singapore, where we left off this year, to Bombay and then to Athens. For the same cabin we had

on the Australia and Java Sea cruise, Main Deck 458 (Deluxe Outside B), the offer was the cost of category D. Best of all, it was half-price. It was really funny that the trip wasn't even half-over (I think we were on our way to Bali), and we were booking next year's trip! That's how much we enjoyed the Marco Polo from Sydney to Singapore. It is a vacation you will enjoy, and with your busy schedules, deserve. A.S./Monrovia

Alas, we won't be enjoying the Marco Polo anytime soon. We sent out hundreds of color brochures to "very interested" readers, but by the middle of September, only three cabins had been filled—ours and two more. Orient Lines understandably got a little nervous, so in order to get our money back, we cancelled. THE SYDNEY REGIONAL IS STILL ON, HOWEVER—BIG TIME! PHC

MASCULINITY

I have enjoyed your publication for some years but never seemed to get the cash together at the same time I thought to send in a subscription. This is my first direct communication with you, and I want to add my thanks and congratulations for the great job you do. I also have a copy of *Quincunx*, which I have enjoyed very much. You and I must have passed at some of the same places at the same time in Chicago. Among other career high points, I tended bar at "The Windup" in Chicago, up until the time the police chose to close it. I hope that sometime you will get some dialog going from your readers as to what is considered "masculine" or "straight-appearing" or "straight-acting." I would like very much to get involved in a warm, loving relationship again in my life (I was in one for 21 years, but liquor broke it up). I am constantly put off from responding to ads though, as I can't seem to figure if I would be "attractive" (by whose standards or compared to what?); "masculine" enough (next to Tiny Tim and his ukulele I would smash as many tulips as I would tiptoe through); "top" enough or "bottom" enough (God knows I have been both, depending on my partner of the moment); or whatever else someone may be looking for. I have spent years just being me, and that has male and female parts, sane and insane parts, and a lot of spices that make me a pain in the ass sometimes and a loving joy at other times. It seems that there is so much describing and searching for OBJECTS rather than loving, living, caring partners. I would be the first to admit that there are some physical appearances that do not "turn me on," but if I see an ugly man with a crippled foot, I want to know him if he has a smile in his eyes and a look to his face of interest and concern for others plus the aura and appearance of contentment and comfort with himself just as he is. It concerns me that many gay men are so hung up on physical types that they are not willing to go through the adventure of getting to know others as people and exploring how they may mesh with others emotionally, intellectually, physically, and sexually. Certainly when we get to the latter part of our life it becomes time to interact rather than negative reacting. Forgive my soap-boxing. This all just confuses me so. I really am writing to ask that you accept my request for a subscription to your magazine that I enjoy so much and the placement of my ad which I hope will bring some stimulating responses. Frank/New Mexico

I've noticed at the Gatherings that you seem to attract a lot of men who are naturally masculine. In other words, they are not predisposed to the forced, affected behavior so many gay men feel is necessary. On the other hand, neither are they inclined to exhibit stereotypical heterosexual mannerisms, such as leering at every woman's butt and spitting a lot. If a man carries himself honestly, I can certainly accept and even appreciate his feminine traits. I got the impression in San Diego that the Town & Country staff were rather surprised at how un-stereotypical we turned out to be. I heard a rumor that one of the SDPD motorcycle cops hanging around during the first day was heard to exclaim over the phone: "ALL OF THEM?" as he looked out over the hundreds of men by the pool. J.M./San Francisco

RAY'S BACK

First a sincere thank you for all your efforts in putting together the wonderful San Diego Gathering! I truly enjoyed it and was pleased and impressed with all the activities and workshops (with the slight exception to the grieving workshop. Some egos got in the way, I think). Overall, the gathering offered so much more than the one I attended in Las Vegas. I also wanted to share a concern I had over a responder to my ad of some time ago. I received a number of pleasant and interesting responses. One exception was from a Ray *[CR's omission]* from Ohio. He kept writing and calling that we couldn't find out if we could be a couple until we would get together and try it and would I please send money to get him out here. When I told him I wouldn't send money, he became angry and hung up. As I started to write this, I recall a note in your magazine that warned about such a character, but I don't recall the particulars. In case it happens to be this Ray, I thought you should know. A Midwest Reader

Yup, it's the same scammer. Ray has taken quite a few seniors for a ride in spite of warnings from just about every gay magazine on the shelves. He's never been prosecuted, as far as we know (hence the omitted last name), and continues to operate out of the same town in Ohio. Of course, he's not alone. These guys are like cockroaches. DON'T SEND MONEY TO SOMEONE YOU'VE NEVER MET AND KNOW LITTLE ABOUT. PHC

HEALTH ARTICLES

I've noticed that you rarely pub-

lish health articles any more. Is this due to a change in policy, or is it because the articles are just not being submitted to you for publication? I'd love to find out more about a new treatment for prostate cancer called "radioactive seed implant." I'm also curious about a new pill being developed to treat impotence. J.D./Iowa

The new treatment is called "brachytherapy." Doctors inject radioactive iodine or palladium "seeds" into the prostate to destroy the cancer without harming the rest of the body. I understand that the treatment is not only very effective, but it doesn't have the side effects of other treatments such as surgery and external radiation. The new pill for impotence is not available yet, but the FDA is expected to review it by the end of next year. The drug, "sildenafil," was discovered by accident by Pfizer in England. Originally tested for use in angina patients, it was found to have little benefit for the heart muscle, but the study group men were raving about the quality of their erections. Interested readers should keep track of these two breakthroughs with their urologists.

Health articles are rarely submitted to CR. PHC

DON'T MISS THE BIGGEST GATHERING EVER!

THE 7TH ANNUAL CR SPRING GATHERING
MAY 23 THROUGH 26, 1997
RADISSON TWIN TOWERS, ORLANDO, FLORIDA

TWO DINNER SHOWS
ALL-PROFESSIONAL SHOW ENTERTAINMENT
MR. SIMBADADDY '97 CONTEST/BANQUET
THREE COCKTAIL PARTIES
PRIVATE NIGHTCLUB WITH DANCING
CABARET ENTERTAINMENT
ALL NEW SPECTACULAR WORKSHOPS
RECITAL SERIES
ART EXHIBIT
MERCHANDISE CENTER
A SIZZLING ONGOING POOL PARTY
RUN OF HOTEL
UPWARDS OF 2,000 MEN EXPECTED

the hotel is filling up very fast ...
over 200 rooms already sold!

My Father's Moustache

fiction

by Pug Snider

The new guy made all the difference in the world. The world, in my particular case, was an artificially lighted crypt below street level measuring about six feet by twenty. This narrowness was emphasized by damp brick walls supporting a ceiling of Gothic height. Hunting up a sample wallpaper book on the top shelf called for a dizzying climb on one of the two rolling ladders attached to the double line of shelving. It would have been a fun job for an unambitious teenager. Between calls from the salesmen upstairs, he might well amuse himself with the tame rats who nested among the stacks of various florals, stripes, tapestries, scenics, and solids.

But I was no teenager. I was twenty-two. I had a semester of journalism under my belt, a most peculiar place for it, and the nearest I had come to a paper job was the kind of paper you paste onto a wall. What with rats, my fear of heights, plus boredom and an aching loneliness, I would have quit after two weeks. However, during those depression days, even a family man would not have refused the nineteen dollars and seventy-five cents a week.

Out of the blue came the new guy. Ah yes, the new guy. And I judged him to be about my own age. No teenager. Literate. From my own North Side. As a Chicagoan born and raised in the Lakeview/Diversey area I had never had any contact with South Siders and West Siders. The few I had encountered spoke a different language. Little snob that I was, I *had* once lowered my sights in the case of a United Parcel delivery man. In his funny little apartment, on the rough side of Garfield Park, speaking only the barest rudiments of English in a sort of Slavic accent I found extremely romantic, I enjoyed a strangely exciting hospitality I remember to this day.

To relate the maybe half-dozen or so "close encounters" I experienced during my spare time during the job-seeking years between high school and the spooky wallpaper outfit would only bore you. Furthermore, my dancing around the edges of a certain segment of society, frightened yet fascinated, but never committing myself, would lead you to say: "Okay, Buster, is you is or is you ain't?" Alright, I own up to the fact that I definitely was and still am. But, at the time, bolstered by my zeal to write about all kinds of people, I rationalized my conduct as part of my education. Grist for my mill, so to speak.

The new guy was not just "grist," even though my mill was still grinding. From the very first, he was like an answer to my prayers. An unprecedented boom in the wallpaper business (every decorator in Chicago was suddenly mad for paper) had necessitated full-time assistance for me down in my dungeon. He was a quick learner, not to mention a good climber. After a hectic morning, Terry and I took a breather at one o'clock. We had both brought sandwiches and fruit and retired to the loading dock to eat.

Compared to the musty confines of the sample room, the open-air platform was like an afternoon at the Beach. Early Spring sun and a gentle breeze off the Lake, ignoring the roar of the nearby Loop "El" trains, you could imagine yourself on the sand at the foot of Oak Street. I was relaxed. I was content. I was in love.

As it turned out, we lived within three or four blocks of each other, he with his mom, me with my dad. Terry's dad had flown the coop long ago. He scarcely remembered him. In my case, my mom had died just that past January.

"Pretty fancy," I said, referring to his address, which I recalled as boasting a liveried doorman.

"My mom insists on a good address. Actually, the apartments are dumps. I sleep on a pull-down bed, which is rough when she brings home a date. *Dating*, if you can feature that!" He really sounded disgusted. "I kill time down at the bar on Diversey till her boyfriend leaves."

I felt for him, at the same time wishing that my Dad dated. Except for twice-a-month business trips to Milwaukee or downstate, he seemed to be home *all* the time. Just sitting. There had never been any conversation between the two of us, ever. For the past six months the silence lay like a pall in our fairly spacious apartment. He occupied the front, and I kept to my own quarters off the kitchen in what had been originally intended as a maid's room. My furious bouts of typing in no way interfered with the routine of his favorite radio programs and the rereading of his full collection of Zane Grey novels.

"Gosh, you're lucky to have had a Dad all these years." He really envied me. I never let on that I was less than happy with the arrangement.

Lunches on the loading dock brought out all kinds of confessions and dreams. After work, we would occasionally stay down in the Loop and splurge on dinner at a Chinese joint and catch the show at the Palace Vaudeville before the prices changed. To save him from another evening barstooling it till the boyfriend cleared out, I mentioned that he was welcome to come home with me. Dad would he in Springfield another two days. Terry was more than grateful, and so was I.

Not that anything happened. At least not that first night nor even on the second. Just playing host was a new kind of joy. Terry, for his part, reveled in the luxury of seemingly unlimited space and shelves full of books and plenty of beer in the fridge. He admired the spotless, uncluttered bathroom, and the separate stall shower free of drying nylons and other female launderings. "Batching it with your dad must really be neat. Like living in a fraternity house." Terry, who had known only cramped quarters with a mother he not only resented but also ridiculed, had no way of knowing that my situa-

tion was far from "neat" and nothing like any kind of "fraternity" I could envision. Instead of camaraderie I had felt nothing but stern disapproval and impatience. I had never the slightest faith that my noisy typing efforts would meet an editor's approval.

Dad was on the road a lot that summer, and Terry's bunking at our place became more and more frequent. His mom's boyfriend was now free to spend the whole night and, according to Terry's report, there was messy evidence that he did just that. "Boy, this is really the life!" and Terry would come out of the shower, strut around the apartment bare-assed, help himself to a Schlitz and make himself a ham sandwich. From the beginning I had assured him that he was to make himself at home. And he did.

There were long weekends during that sweltering hot July when Terry would shower three or four times a day. It was okay by me. He was one of those guys who look pretty ordinary in the one decent suit they own. And his shoes, certainly not Florsheims, even though polished to a fare-thee-well, made you feel he could be one of those poor suckers selling apples or shoelaces along State Street. But out of his clothes, he was something else. I feasted on the sight of him, squatting at the fridge, dancing around to the music on the radio, sprawled on Mom's green velvet couch, or straddling a kitchen chair, front to back, riding it like it was a bronco. He could never sit in a chair like an ordinary person. Terry was *extra*-ordinary.

I remember his helping himself to the bowl of fruit that Dad always kept on the kitchen counter. Leaning back against the Formica, one foot planted atop the garbage-pail, a hand idly checking for crumbs in his pubic hair, he made a perfect picture.

"You're wasting your time at Studio Wallpapers, my friend. You could make all kinds of dough just posing. Standing there. Just like that: 'Portrait of Young Man with a Big Banana'." I know that my flattery pleased him. I was pretty sure that his habitual parade of nudity was not something that he expected to go entirely unnoticed.

Terry had a smile that covered all situations, plus he was one of those people who are not above blushing. Along with this was a kind of Gary Cooperish, "Aw Shucks" humility. He grinned, brushed another crumb from the lush nest of reddish-brown hairs, tossed the peel into the garbage and gave me a sidelong look: "Don't think I haven't."

"Haven't what?" and I wasn't actually sure.

"Made a few bucks. More than once. But there's more to it than just standing there, kiddo." By the time we'd knocked down three more beers, he was willing to give me a firsthand account of what goes on in an artistic field that was as foreign to me as the secret rituals of the Knights of the Round Table. Terry had come out of it unscathed. However, he added: "I think that for the time being I will stick to the wallpaper game."

It was on that night that Terry abandoned the guest room and shared the intimacy of my tiny back room's narrow bed. Not only did we have the benefit of the two east windows offering a nice lake breeze (it was the only room in the apartment I really felt comfortable in) but sleeping together we could wake at any hour of the night and find a ready companion to share an important thought with. Gradually, these thoughts—sometimes about his Mom's decision to maybe move out and off to Florida with the boyfriend, or our chances of ever making more than twenty bucks a week, or even possible military service—expressed a mutual awareness of the somewhat awkward nature of the intense bonding.

That one night, and that one night only—I swear it— we expressed physical feelings for one another. Too many "good ol' boys" have worn out the tired excuse that they were too drunk to know what the hell they were doing. Drinking buddies have been known to rely on the old cliché, Saturday night after Saturday night—maybe not with the *same* buddy—using it as a way to eat their cake and still have it. In other words, romping in the forbidden playground without jeopardizing membership in the establishment's Superior Gender System. As the Bible tells us: God did not make Adam and Steve (Later books inform us that God did make a Steve and imply that Adam undoubtedly found him a delightful companion when Eve was having one of her off-days).

Terry and I, each shortchanged in the father/son department, enjoyed a bonding that made up for never having had a brother. Now that each of us served in that capacity, well aware that ordinary brotherhood was not highly charged with electricity—in fact, was too often a contest of wills—we trod cautiously. I certainly did not want to rock the boat, and I was sure Terry felt the same danger. When we swapped stories, I found his more colorful than mine. His same-sex exploits were counterbalanced by tales of his having been seduced by an older girl cousin as well as having a full-blown affair with a wealthy Winnetka matron who staked him to a year at Northwestern University. His grades had begun to fall, in school and in bed. In comparison, my confessions were pure vanilla.

Within the month, Terry's mom announced that she and the boyfriend had tied the knot and were leaving for Orlando. Big Al kindly offered to include Terry as part of the deal but Terry said "No thanks." Without a moment's hesitation, overjoyed at the prospect, I helped him move his few belongings to my place. By five p.m. Terry was ensconced in the guest room with suitcases of dirty laundry and several large cartons containing a varied collection of seventy-eights, mostly New Orleans jazz.

Shortly after six p.m. my father arrived. Before you can fully grasp the dramatic possibilities, I have to clue you in on several points. If I have made him sound like a cold fish, it is because of a certain coldness and a little fishiness in my own character. I was certainly not the ideal son that he might have wished for himself. I had not the slightest interest in his fairly successful business. I shied away from his carefully closeted twelve-gauge shotgun, declining offers of instruction in its handling and then, treat of treats,

driving up to the Wisconsin woods, where we could hunt down and kill something and even bring it home to eat. I spent birthday money on novels by Proust and Thomas Wolfe, pooh-poohing his beloved Zane Grey. I have to admit that in so many ways he respected my privacy, never questioned my comings or goings, insisting only that I see a barber regularly, buy my clothes at Field's, and keep my hands off the Sunday Tribune till he had had a chance to read all sections. He was addicted to the "funnies," even though I never heard him laugh. Also the sports section. I hated the Cubs.

He bought me a typewriter and paid for my journalism courses. When he took the time to see what I was producing on my nice Corona (it was mostly poetry or earnest imitations of Wolfe) he suggested that I look for some kind of a job, *any* job, that would take me out and into the *real* world. Mix with people. As you well know, I followed his advice, landed in a basement full of wallpaper, and the only real mixing I accomplished was with Terry. Lucky me. Now that the mix included the three of us—two of them never having laid eyes on one another—all I could do was gird my loins. Mine were clothed at this historic moment. Terry's however, emerging from what was his third shower of the day, were blatantly exposed.

Dad, true to custom, must have rushed directly from his taxi to the toilet, where he apparently spent considerable time relieving his bladder. Reconstructing the picture, the torrent of water behind the opaque shower door made him assume that it was I. According to Terry, Dad was still standing at the bowl, dick in hand, when he emerged soaking wet, groping for a towel.

The momentous occasion of this first meeting between the tired traveling salesman and the completely unexpected totally naked house guest (I wish I could have witnessed it) occurred while I was still occupied with frying up a couple of pork chops. I had anticipated a cozy dinner, just the two of us, not expecting Dad's arrival till the following morning. Although I had mentioned that a new friend, a coworker at Studio Wallpapers, slept over once or twice, my father could not have been prepared for a permanent addition to our household.

While Dad was washing up and changing, Terry padded in barefoot, hair still damp, strutting around the kitchen in the almost threadbare old shorty pool robe that bore the purple "11," signifying his college swim prowess. As much as I admired the full-length display of muscular hairy legs, I guess I registered a look of disapproval.

"How come you never mentioned the fact that your old man is a real hunk?" There was a nudge in the ribs and a rolling of eyes.

Before I had a chance to reply, in comes Dad, cool as a cucumber, in his sheer cotton Sulka pajamas. My fears were groundless. It was I, me in my sweaty workday clothes, who was odd man out. Dad, whether it be with one stranger or a whole roomful, would light up like a Triple Seven on a Vegas slot machine. "Seeing as how the Queen of Romania couldn't make it tonight, I figured we guys might as well be comfortable!" and his manner seemed to suggest that his period of mourning was now officially over.

Back in the kitchen, I could only hope that Terry, God love him, was using his Irish charm to handle a tough customer like my father. As for Dad, who ran a very tight ship, I sincerely trusted that he would be impressed by Terry's well-scrubbed, All-American-Boy look. Silently, I thanked the good Lord that the homecoming had not coincided with one of Terry's favorite pastimes, the two of us playing together under the shower. Terry's argument was that it saved water. What it really saved, I felt, was the stigma attached to the emotional aspect of sex in a bed. Horsing around, as long as it is part of manly ablutions—even when accompanied by amorous vigor leading to a logical conclusion—can be shrugged off as good clean fun. However, it is just as well that the pork chops precluded any such fun that particular evening.

First of all, I have to say that, thanks to Terry's bullshit and Dad's susceptibility to flattery, that first meal went swimmingly. It was a relief to me to sit at a table without having to make conversation with a father who, I am sure, found material for conversation equally difficult. Without Mom at the table, breakfast and dinner were both dreaded ordeals. And that dates way back to when I was about five or six when my father, after an absence of three weeks—the big annual trip to Toronto headquarters and Awards Ceremonies for Best Salesman—arrived home with a new and strangely unacceptable moustache of grotesque proportions. Mom kissed him reluctantly. I refused. In fact, I struggled out of his grasp, cried like a baby. I guess I was an insufferable little asshole. Three days later the moustache disappeared.

It is queer that I recall the incident, half in shame and half in wonder, because upon growing up, having to shave maybe only once a week till I was nearly twenty, I tried desperately to grow a moustache of my own. I never really succeed. Although I never did care for beards or too much in the matter of sideburns, there had been one whole winter, riding the number 34 bus to school, I could easily have fallen in love with the driver who sported a real doozy.

To get back to that evening around the dinner table—and I think we must have sat there for a couple of hours or more—I watched with amazement the way Terry sucked up to my old man. He not only made brilliant conversation, interspersed with his surface knowledge of baseball, politics and you name it, but, he had the rare ability of listening. He sure pressed the magic button when he asked the question: "What's it like traveling to all these towns, even Canada, meeting big shots and making them buy your product?" I knew that Terry had spurned countless selling jobs. To him Fuller Brush and even Prudential Life were words synonymous with starvation and humility. He hung on to every word of Dad's road stories like a young novice at the feet of a guru.

I was seeing a side of my father I had never even guessed at. Exhaust-

ing triumphs in Springfield, Centralia, and points south, and having depleted our dwindling supply of Schlitz, he produced a bottle of Seagram's from his carefully-locked cabinet, very formally toasting the health of our new boarder, and the evening actually became quite festive. It was no longer "Mr. Muller this" and "Mr. Muller that" once Dad had insisted that Terry call him Gene. Not even Mom had ever called him anything but his full name Eugene. Terry had no trouble adjusting.

By the time we had all three adjourned to the living room where the Seagram's continued to flow, my Dad listened judicially to Terry's sprightly cleaned-up version of "Life Without a Father." This was followed by an hour or so of listening to Terry's records. As Terry dug the old seventy-eights out of their cartons, Dad handled each one with delicate care. Wow! You would have thought he'd struck gold. The fact that he was a connoisseur of New Orleans jazz came as a complete surprise to me. The two of them kept beating each other to the draw identifying Baby Dodds or Cootie Masterson. I could not recall our gloomy living room ever having been the scene of such gaiety.

By midnight I began to experience extreme discomfort. I doubled up with a pain that was like nothing I had ever felt in my entire life. I knew I was pretty drunk. That and the pork chops and the crazy emotional excitement. Thank God neither Terry nor Dad were the least bit drunk, because an hour later the two of them had the good sense to rush me to nearby Grant Hospital, where it was discovered I had an appendix on the verge of exploding.

I lay in that fucking hospital bed for twelve days after the operation. It seemed like more happened in those twelve days than anything that had ever happened before. I think I was reborn in that bed. Even though I was only a few blocks from home, it was like I was suddenly transported to another planet where I received daily visits from earth. My lower abdomen wore the bandage, but it was more as if something had happened to my head.

Dad would drift in. Terry would appear. Sometimes they came together. Dad brought me a watch, the first I had ever seen that told the date as well as the hour. Terry brought me a goofy stuffed monkey. Then he came in one day wearing a beautiful grey flannel suit I'd never seen. He looked like a million bucks.

"Your Dad insisted," he informed me. "Took me down to Marshall Field's and bought me the works." And he displayed the handsome Cordovan loafers. "Gene wants me to meet Mr. Chadwick who's coming down from Toronto. Gene's already told him about me."

His casual "Gene this" and "Gene that" might have made me jealous, but it was more like making me want to puke. No, believe me, I was *not* jealous. Terry was not Terry anymore. And, of course, for that matter, neither was Dad any longer Dad. Like I said, during those twelve days in the hospital my whole world tilted crazily, and I could just lie there watching it all happen.

The two of them came in together one evening. They had spent the afternoon out at Wrigley Field, watching a doubleheader. They would grab dinner at The Hickory House rather than bother to cook at home. As they departed, I waved a cheery good-bye. When the little Japanese nurse asked me if they were family, I said, "Sort of."

By day eleven still more had happened. Terry came in full of news. Studio Wallpapers had served notice that it was closing its doors forever. After seventy-five years. Terry, of course, could not have cared less. He was already in like Flynn with Mr. Chadwick. The meeting had proved a huge success. As for myself, I had already made up my mind that I would never return to that Kafkaesque dungeon. The interesting guy in the next bed, a gallbladder recovery from Modesto, California, had kept me fascinated with stories about California. It was his enthusiasm and Chamber of Commerce ballyhoo that first put the California bug in my bonnet.

Released from the hospital and on my feet again, once I announced my decision to make a fresh start in California, I was just slightly taken aback the way it was accepted by Terry and Dad. Terry, who had been west once, assured me I would love it. "Wait till you see Malibu!"

I must say Dad was more than fair. He staked me to a Pullman on the Super Chief and a new wallet containing a hundred bucks. So I had that plus the six-hundred and some dollars I drew out of my account.

L.A. was an exciting place in 1940. After a thorough exploration I settled into a pleasantly anonymous little motel near the beach. News from home was infrequent, mostly because I, on my part, was a very lousy correspondent. My Corona was too occupied with my novel.

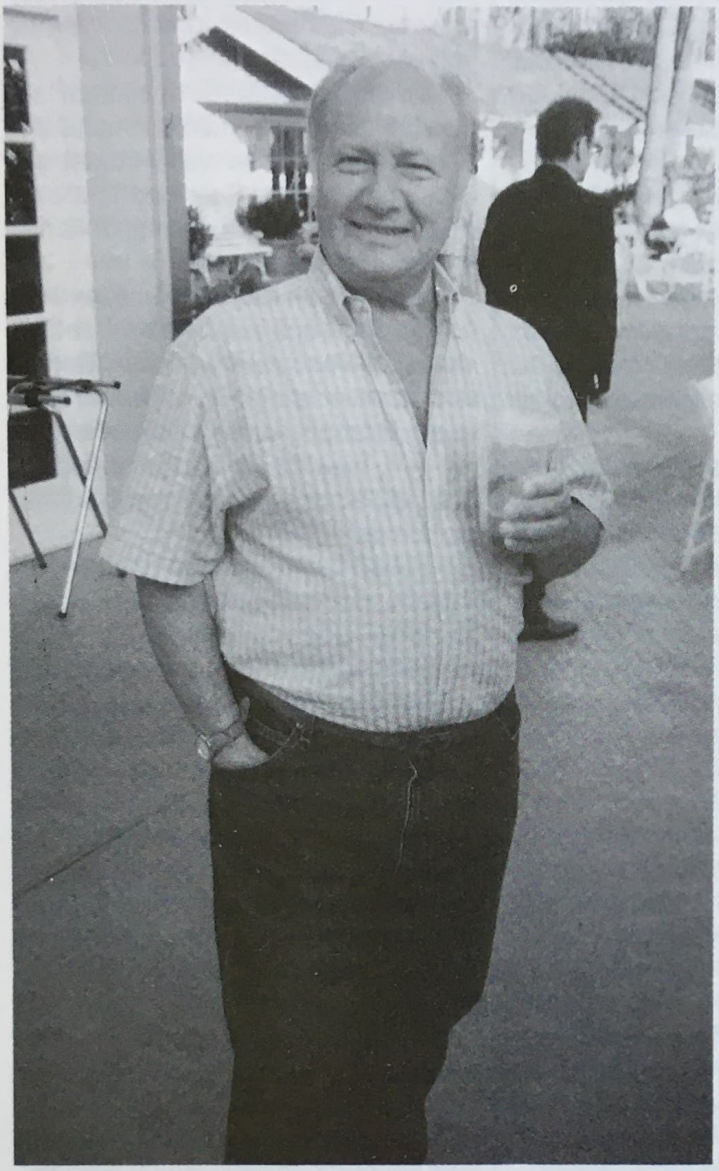
I used to wonder about the two of them. I wondered if they wondered about me. One year I received a Christmas card and a brief note that Dad had retired and that Terry was carrying on and had been selected as Salesman of the Year. Along with this was a snapshot taken in front of what looked like a very comfortable log cabin location: Bull Moose Bay, Wisconsin—the pair of them smiling, in identical wool plaid shirts, looking as though they had just killed something and would be cooking it for supper.

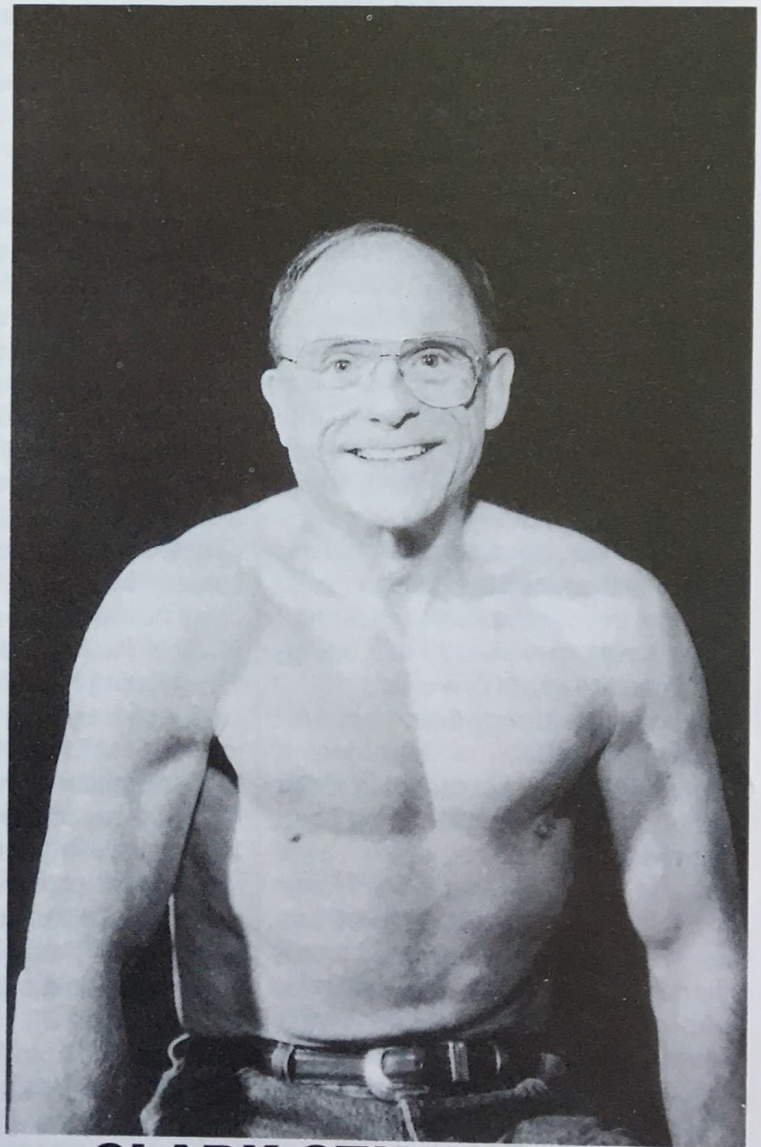
The snapshot, which I still have, shows Terry several pounds heavier and my Dad several pounds lighter. Whereas Terry seemed to have aged, Dad appeared to have grown younger. He sported a moustache. A very handsome moustache.

When my novel came out, I mailed them a copy. It was a whopper. Over six-hundred pages. It was a far cry from Zane Grey, and Terry never read anything heavier than Superman. If they really did read it, which is doubtful, I don't suppose they recognized themselves—or me.

PUG SNIDER, 83, is a CR Hall of Famer who lives on the southern California coast. Originally from the near-north side of Chicago, he longs to hear from readers who lived there during the 50s and 60s.

LDK Mike Deveau





CLARK STUART Jerry's Photo

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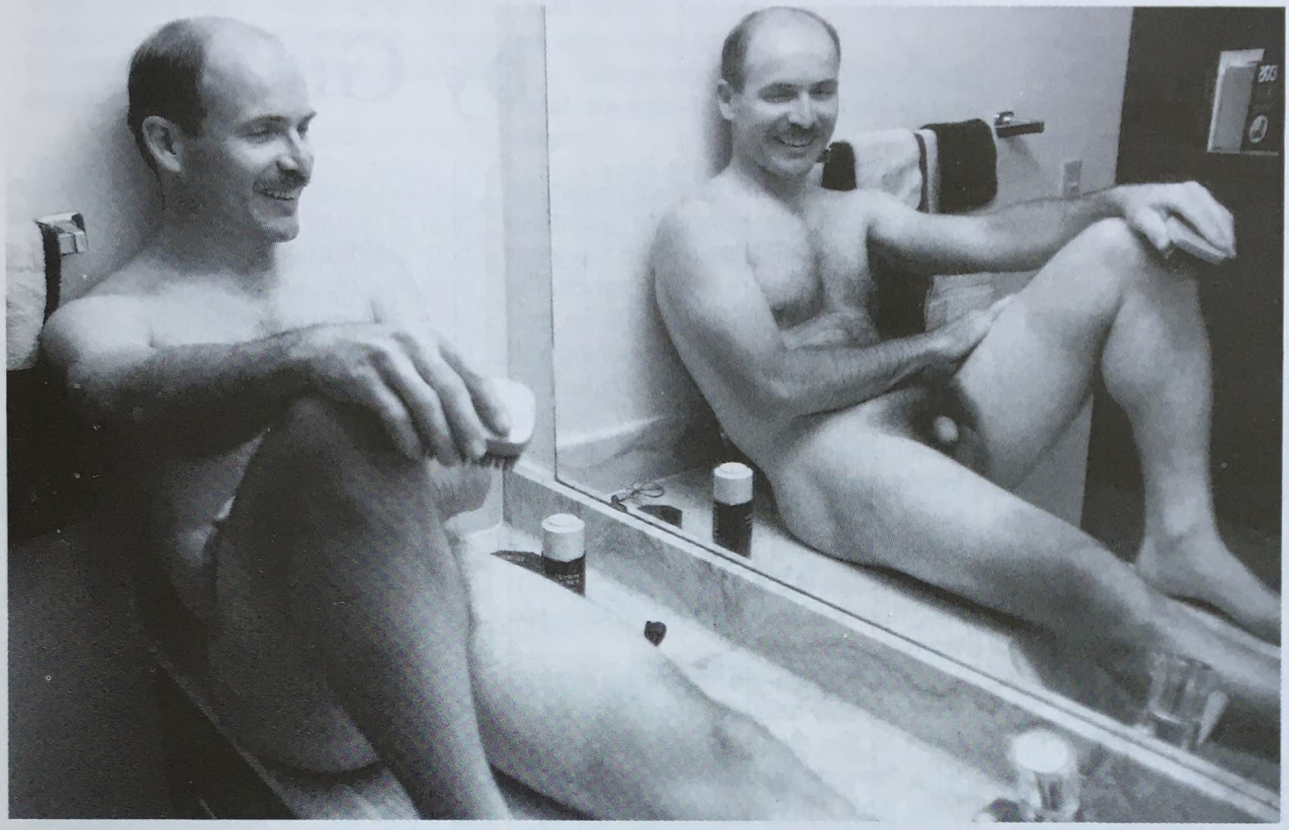
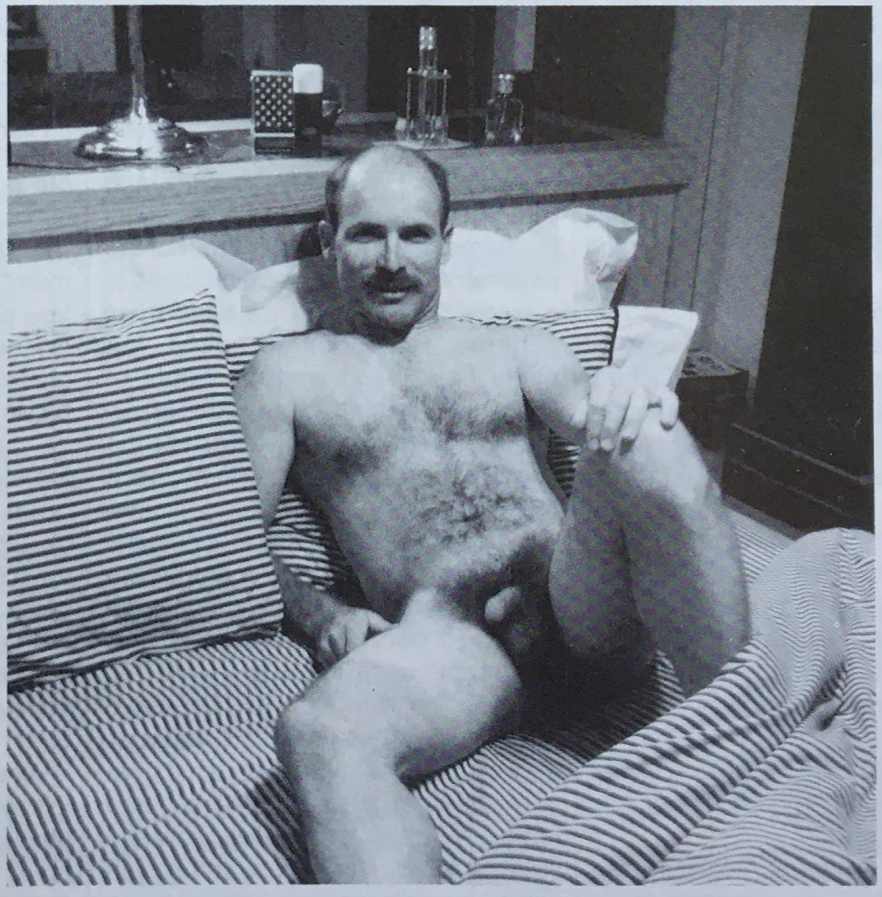




MOON PIE
by Giraffe

"Only Night
Hungry Night"
Janet Urdler

The old moon wanes and sets. In the dark of the moon the Demiurge leads her horde of daemons riding the cosmic currents down the dark sky to work mischief on mankind. They will weave their spells one night and day only, until the new moon drives them back to their hidden hangouts. An imp named Soos is booted from the swarm and tumbles to earth. Invisible, he steals a toy from a street vendor and alights to watch a young blond giant slouch out the alley door of the run-down sports arena behind the defunct steel mill in Nowhereburg, PA. Grey twilight holds no sharp shadows; light and dark fade into one another without definition, a haunted mystical ambience.

Lee Roy Pfloogl was miffed at being fired by the sleazy promoter who had fast-talked him into trying professional wrestling in the first place. In his virgin ring job, an early prelim on a dull card, he had been told to let the bulging, bearded ex-pro, squeezed into black Spandex, win the bout. At the bell, they crouched and sidled toward each other; the bearded man pushed his shoulder and Lee Roy obediently fell flat on his back. When the pro dove to pin him, Lee Roy pushed him up to arms length above his chest and hollered "Gotcha!" The sparse audience guffawed when the raving promoter scrambled into the ring and made the referee call the match.

While Lee Roy trudged to the locker room, the promoter yammered after him all the way up the aisle, "You're ruined in this game. You'll never get another match. And I'm not paying you a cent. Nothing! "

Lee Roy growled, "Nothing for nothing." In the shabby dressing room redolent with years of stale sweat, he stripped off the borrowed wrestling trunks and tossed them with the jock-strap and sneakers onto a bench. He stretched his huge naked frame and ignored the other wrestlers waiting and watching while he gently tugged his heavy genitals to ease them after the confinement of the cup. He climbed into dungarees, work shirt, socks and boots, pulled his baseball cap on backwards over his blond ponytail, and plodded out to the alley where the grinning daemon assumed visible form and waited.

Lee Roy started toward the avenue when a soft musical voice lured him back to the gloom of the deep doorway. "Hey, pretty mister, do you want a blow job? I'm very good, and free for you, beauty man. Come on. I'll suck you wonderful."

Lee Roy peered into the shadow. He had enjoyed similar encounters often enough, and getting his rocks off now would be a relief after the tension of the arena. He spotted the small man with tangled black hair and golden skin hunkered down in a back corner of the pavement. The man's mouth curved in a lascivious grin, and his tilted eyes glittered. He appeared naked, but might have been wearing briefs of some sort, hidden by the fold of his crouching body. Lee Roy sidled into the doorway and spraddled with his back to the brick wall.

It seemed to Lee Roy that delicate hands explored his skin even before the man stretched to touch him. He felt fluttering fingers up his thighs and groin as if they were already inside his clothes. The little man adroitly undid the button and unzipped his pants so they slid to his knees. Elfin hands caressed his big bare ass. Wet lips and tongue stretched to his rising penis and licked it to full stand. The soft mouth closed over his foreskin, rolled it back, and the tongue embraced the swollen bulb of naked meatus. The mouth felt both warm and cool, moist and dry; it engulfed him and withdrew, quick and slow, aggressive and gentle. Amorous fingers pinched his nipples and tickled his scrotum while the eager mouth devoured his bursting cock. Tender hands on his buttocks pressed his body toward the rhythmically stroking lips, tongue, palate, uvula and throat.

He was oblivious to surroundings while he gasped and thrust. He thought someone might be watching, but repressed the idea and closed his eyes; he had to fulfill this destiny. When it came, the orgasm convulsed his massive body from the soles of his boots to the crown of his baseball cap. He grabbed the fervent head and held it to his straining groin while he grunted and gasped and expelled his essence. He throbbed and moaned as the eager mouth sucked him to exhausted drainage. When he shifted a foot for balance, he heard the sharp snap as his boot squashed a plastic box of some kind.

The fellator drew away. "Oh, big man," he crooned, "You come very big. You would drown me, and you break my new toy." He held up a cracked plastic bubble. "You pay me for toy you broke?"

Lee Roy, panting and distracted, fumbled in his shirt pocket. "Here's a dollar. It's all I got."

"It's enough." The imp snatched the bill, glanced at the watcher, whirled once to set the spell and slipped around the corner. The wiry, compact man was indeed naked. His erect phallus curved up from the patch of pubic curls, and its swollen head bobbed level with his navel. He trotted toward the avenue clutching his dollar and the plastic bubble and wondered if he had spun in the right direction to set the spell properly. He was also trying to re-

member how to become invisible again. He panicked when a cop rounded the corner, paused and yelled, "Hey, Naked Guy. Stop" Soos managed to manipulate the mouse, move the cursor to the "vanish" button and doubleclick.

Lee Roy stooped to grab his pants, saw someone's shoe and looked up. He found himself face to bearded face with his recent ring opponent. Mike Finn had peeled off the stretch nylon union suit that had molded his imposing physique and now, in T-shirt and chinos, allowed love handles, belly, boobs and ass to expand comfortably. He had spent a few minutes having words with and extracting his pay from the promoter. He decided that this attempted return to professional athletics was a mistake he would not be suckered into again. He had stepped into the alley just in time to witness the last few minutes of the blow job. He envied the young oaf. The golden satyr seemed an expert fellator.

Mike grinned into the big boyish face, "Looks like you had fun." He dropped his glance to Lee Roy's still bloated joint shining between his thighs. Lee Roy gulped and blushed and fumbled to pull up his pants. The burly bear proffered a huge hairy paw and rumbled, "Call me Mike. They call you Lee?"

The young giant finished straightening his clothes and gripped the paw with a bigger, meatier mitt. "My name is Lee Roy Pfloogl, after both my Granddaddies. They call me Lee Roy." He spoke in a pleasant, light tenor, regarding the older man with an open smile and bright blue eyes.

Mike growled, "Was that really your last dollar you gave that little cocksucker?"

Lee Roy ducked his head shyly, "I got more in my pants. Not enough, though. I wanted to take my wrestling pay and start home, to find a job."

"Where's home?"

"Over yonder." He nodded in a southwesterly direction.

"How far yonder?"

Lee Roy explained with appropriate pointings, "You've got to take the pike across the river and head for the line. About halfway, you exit to the county and stay on that there blacktop until you get sick and tired of it, then split toward the hills. Us Pfloogl's are all over those parts."

"Come on. I'll buy us some supper and we can talk about getting you home."

"I'd like that." They started toward the avenue.

Mike asked, "Can you find a job at home?"

Lee Roy mumbled, "I don't know about now. I used to work for my uncle, but his business ended. He ran out of material."

"What business was he in?"

"Deconstruction."

Mike hesitated, "I wouldn't think there could be much call for Post-Modernist literary criticism in that neck of the woods. Just what did he do as a ... Deconstructionist?"

"He took down buildings. Barns and sheds. A couple houses."

"Demolitions?"

"No, he didn't wreck them. He disassembled old structures that had been put up by early settlers when they cleared the hardwoods and used the trees for lumber. We took those buildings apart board by board because the wood was all aged and cured, oak and walnut, maple and the like. We sorted out the timbers and planks and my uncle sold them to the people who make genuine antiques."

"I stand corrected." Mike bowed his head.

"Can we go eat now?"

Mike drove his pickup to Lee Roy's rooming house to get his duffel bag, then to a truck stop diner off the turnpike. When they sat down to order, he asked, "You want a beer?"

Lee Roy was all straightforward innocence. "I can't have one legally until next week. I won't be twenty-one until then. I want to get home for my birthday."

"We'll get you there. Let's have steaks."

Mike Finn lounged back in the booth and marveled at Lee Roy Pfloogl, who, with impeccable manners and concentrated determination, devoured everything edible within reach. When the waitress had asked, "Soup or salad?" Lee Roy interjected, "Both. We both want both. It says 'and' on the menu." He finished his own portions and anything Mike left, including green vegetables. He downed a quart of milk and signaled three times for more bread, which he used to mop the plates clean enough to be put back on the shelf without washing. When he finally paused, Mike asked, "You want more pie?"

Lee Roy sighed profoundly, "I'd better not. I don't want to seem like a pig. Are you going to finish that crust?"

Mike pondered his own acceptance of responsibility for this overgrown baby whose duffel was stashed behind the seat in his pickup. He was so big and so strong, and yet Mike had the impulse to wrap him warm and cuddle him, protect him from the cold, hard world. He grumbled, "I don't know why I should worry about you. You made a fool of me in the ring."

Lee Roy became apologetic. "Gee, I'm sorry. It was just a trick. Back home when I wrestled with my brothers and friends, we used to do that trick. When you get on your back, you've got to have your hands ready, just so." He demonstrated. "Then when the other man dives on, you catch him here and lift him up, like a bench press. He can get out of it easy. You would have, if they hadn't stopped the match. I thought you knew about it, the way you dove on to me. It would have been a good joke."

"Yeah. A good joke. Were you in high school athletics?"

"Not much. Well, weights. Wrestling was mostly roughhouse with my buddies. They wouldn't let me on teams in school."

"Low grades?"

"Oh, no. I got good grades, top half of the class."

"Why wouldn't they let you on the teams? You should have been pretty good at football."

"Football was my downfall. You see, Momma always taught me that the Lord made me big and strong so I could protect and help those who were smaller and weaker than me. I was the biggest in the family, stronger even

than my older brothers. Anyway, when I played football, I got excited protecting our little old quarterback from all those big guys on the other team who were trying to get him. The trouble was, when the other team got the ball, I tried to stop our big guys from ganging up on their little old quarterback. The coach didn't like it."

Mike looked for a hint of mischief in the sweet smile. He sighed, "Okay, let's get a place to bunk for the night."

***

Soos joined a company of his cohorts riding a network video beam west toward the fleshpots of Southern California. The electronic stream of constipation and diarrhea cure commercials bumped him into an illegal satellite dish on a roof. He tumbled onto a classic car, a Linguini AlFresco, cool red with cream upholstery, parked with the top down in front of the supermarket in the parking lot of a strip mall in Redundant Beach. It was three hours earlier on the West Coast. Light was rufescent and shadows long in the sunset.

Still clutching his dollar and the plastic bubble, Soos scurried to the outdoor display at the bargain store and stole an oversized T-shirt from the clearance rack. Anything he held or wore took on his invisibility, but the store owners probably wouldn't miss the ugly, shop-soiled rag he slipped into. It was sickly green and drooped to his knees. On the front was a grotesque cartoon of a grimacing baboon and the demand, "KISS ME!!" On the back was a close-up of a baboon's behind and the same admonition. It was not a big seller, even in Southern California.

In the supermarket the owner of the car, Stan McManus, a lean sixty-two years old, selected four perfect bananas, each from a different bunch, and stowed them in his plastic bag in his cart. He hand weighed at a dozen oranges before choosing the four ripest and juiciest. He took the same care with vegetables, salad greens and steaks. He was concentrated and intense, alert to stare down critics who might begrudge his claim to the finest. After he had selected the best of everything, he browsed the tabloid headlines while waiting in the checkout line. When he carried his groceries to the car, he found the now visible Soos perched on the boot, curly-haired, bright-eyed and grotesque in that repulsive T-shirt. Soos held up the cracked plastic bubble and whined, "Hey man, you buy my toy? Only a dollar."

Stan hissed, "I don't want anything from you. Get off my car." Soos grinned wider, squirmed, lost his balance and slid to the pavement. Stan saw, as the elf's garment rode up his thighs, that he wore no shorts and had a hard on. The sight distracted him from noticing that Soos dropped the toy and the dollar into his grocery bag.

Soos suspected that he should have gotten another dollar from the man instead of losing his own. But, somehow, the setting wasn't right for a blow job. He trotted up the walk, desperately searching for his disappear switch. He fumbled with volume and contrast but didn't find the right dial until he turned the corner at the end of the mall. Orval Peregrine, coming down the side street to meet Stan after work, nodded to the bizarre little man with no shadow and shrugged past. Soos vanished.

Stan McManus didn't appear sixty-two years old. He had maintained his physique and looks, except for the hair, through his long career as military professional and kept boy. It began when he was advised to enlist at eighteen in order to avoid the draft. The base commander caught sight of him naked during his physical exam and had him assigned to headquarters. He was a precious discovery to a real connoisseur, barely medium height, with the lean proportions of a classic Apollo, handsome humorless face, deep-set eyes, dark brown hair, and the most gorgeous cock in existence. There were larger ones of course, but his was perfect in proportion and texture.

For the next twenty years Stan was driver and personal aide, masseur and workout partner to a series of high-ranking officers who passed him on like a priceless work of art from one to another when their careers altered. He was given traditional military training and proved a good soldier. He was sent to selected technical schools that expanded his mechanical skills but did not unduly challenge his limited intelligence. The stalwart, taciturn, shy paladin was a treasure in any entourage. Stan retired at age thirty-eight, after twenty years of unblemished service as M/Sgt, E-7. His entire career had been on the staffs of top officers. He never saw combat.

In civilian life his career as kept boy ended when pattern baldness stripped his scalp, leaving only a grey fringe above the ears and a lone curled forelock. When his keeper dumped him for a younger man, Stan floundered a time, then, at forty-two, found a job to supplement his military pension, a job he kept for the next twenty years. He balanced and aligned wheels and installed tires for Round Tyre Co. The military discipline he brought to the work— lifting, stretching, pounding, pushing and pulling—maintained his physical condition. For the first few years he lived alone in an austere studio apartment. Other employees admired his qualities, but made few social overtures.

The tire shop was just one of the Round family's business enterprises which spread out on adjoining lots behind the mall. These also included a service station and tune-up shop, a body-fender works, and the used car lot where Orval Peregrine had picked out Stan's red convertible.

Orval had started to work for the Round family firm as assistant bookkeeper while still in his teens, immediately after Junior College. He studied at night, achieved his MBA, and worked up to manager of Personnel and Accounting by age thirty-one. He also owned a piece of the firm. He was tall and fair, undistinguished in his conservative seersucker suit. He appeared both plump and willowy, languid and energetic. On his first day he recognized the beauty of the silent loner in the tire shop and patiently built acquaintance, then friendship, and after a year, love and trust. He now managed Stan's life and was, in a way, his

last keeper.

When Orval got to the car, Stan was behind the wheel. Orval leaned on the door and crooned, "Well, if it isn't Mister Studley McGonads in his spiffy cockwagon. Hey, mister, give me a lift?" Stan stared uncomfortably at the dashboard while Orval carried his briefcase around and got in next to him.

Orval had decided long ago that Stan really did have a hidden sense of humor. He was as self-conscious as an adolescent and might blush if even the gentlest joke was on him, but he enjoyed it. When Orval reached over and squeezed his knee, Stan reluctantly smiled, "Cut it out," and started the car.

They were on the thruway when Orval asked, "Did you get to sign those forms?"

Stan squinted. "I signed them all where you had the red 'x' and put them back in the folder. You can check it out at home."

"Good. I can begin processing them right away, and you can start your early retirement at the end of the month. I saw to it that your pension is in a trust fund and begins paying immediately, along with Social Security. We'll roll the 401K money into your IRA account and let it grow. With your military retirement pay you'll be well kept. You won't need me any more."

"You steered me through all that," Stan admitted. "I would have had trouble with those things by myself. I owe you."

"Oh, I'll get mine. Don't worry about moi."

***

Naked Mike Finn preened before the big mirror in the motel room. He was relaxed after the communal shower and mutual soap rubdown with Lee Roy. He had enjoyed massaging the abundance of fair, firm skin on the young body. They had giggled while they washed bellies and washed each other's erections. Mike quickly rinsed and got out of the tub. While he dried, he controlled his sexual arousal because he didn't know how far the boy might go. He certainly didn't want to coax him into anything he would resist or regret.

He studied his reflection, and again wondered who he really was. Curly black hair and beard, olive complexion, classic profile with an aquiline schnozolla, heavy hairy shoulders and torso, well hung, all indicated Mediterranean heritage, but he could never be sure. He had been adopted at birth into an extended multi-ethnic family of foster children. He left home at seventeen, worked his way through most of college, came out, then drifted footloose from place to place, job to job, lover to lover. He had no real ambition. He had seen too much to greatly value anything and had been around too long to trust anyone completely . He now faced a mid-life letdown at forty-two, twice the age of that young oaf who seemed to have been born yesterday. He knew it was half over; there was no going back to correct old mistakes, and the end inched closer every day.

Nude, Lee Roy padded in from the bathroom. He was no pretty boy, in spite of round blue eyes and soft lips. His face was lantern-jawed with a snub nose, low forehead and big flat ears. His shoulders sloped from the thick neck to round white arms, and hands like baseball gloves. His smooth chest and belly showed no hint of the musculature beneath the skin. Stocky legs supported the towering frame. He had unfastened his ponytail, and a mass of platinum curls fell to his shoulders. He grinned and tried to hide his erection with one hand.

Mike snorted, "Hey, Man, you horny again?"

"I can't help it. Scrubbing your belly got me worked up, and now it won't go down."

"Well, we can't call back that little guy in the alley."

"Maybe I'll just beat my meat and think about you."

Mike moved close to him, his own organ rising. "You don't have to just think about me. I'm right here. Maybe I can substitute for the little guy in the alley."

Lee Roy pressed his belly against Mike's. He said sweetly, "I'm going to do something with you that I've never done with a man before." Mike wasn't sure what to expect when Lee Roy bent down and pressed soft open lips against his, then their tongues met.

Soos, invisible but still in the baboon T-shirt, watched and listened. He had used an interruption out west to ride a beam of soft core porn to an orbiting satellite and back to this neighborhood. He could stay only long enough to see what they were up to, then he had to catch an early flight back to the coast. He was irritated to find them making love; they were supposed to be fighting. He figured that he must have spun the wrong way in setting the spell. Hooking onto a beam of hi-speed data transfer, he soared westward.

***

They had shared a condo in the best complex in town for several years. Orval took his briefcase to his room while Stan carried the groceries to the kitchen. He set the bag on the counter and, first things first, went to his own spartan bedroom and stripped. He spent five efficient minutes under the shower, then, still naked, set up his massage table with a clean sheet.

Orval, in shorts and a polo shirt, was in the kitchen putting away groceries. He found the toy and the dollar at the bottom of the bag just as Stan entered. "Where the Hell did you get these? My God, talk about filthy money; I'll have to rinse it in the sink. And this thing is pretty nasty. I'll take off the plastic cover and wash it, too. It looks like a toy wrestler."

"I don't know where that stuff came from. There was a weird little guy sitting on my car when I came out of the store. He must have stuck it in there. Why not throw it away?"

Orval rinsed the dollar bill and the toy under running water and left them to drain at the edge of the sink. "They may have some arcane significance. You want your rubdown now?"

"Yeah. It was a rough day. A couple of RV's and a four-by. I've got some kinks." He led the way to his room and climbed onto the massage table.

The massage was routine every evening. Stan stretched out on his belly and Orval squirted oil down his spine, stroked it to his neck and worked it into his shoulders. Over the years, emol-

lients had rejuvenated Stan's skin; it was now smooth and firm. His straight back was slim and strong with the hard little buttocks neatly tucked under. Stan relaxed under the firm strokes, the kneading of his buttocks, the fingers digging and loosening the muscles of his legs. He began to talk idly. "They say at work that you're a witch because you stir your coffee backwards. Are you, really?"

"Us witches never tell. What brought that up?"

"The little guy who was on my car was some kind of a troll or goblin. No regular person would wear that baboon T-shirt."

Orval chuckled, "Maybe he was an alien from outer space."

"Do you believe in aliens from outer space?"

"Some scientists say that with the billions of stars in the universe, in some galaxy somewhere there is bound to be another form of life. But we can't tell what it would be like, or if it would even be interested in us. Have you seen many aliens?"

"No. But in stuff I read people say they see strange creatures and are taken up into flying saucers."

"It's a mysterious world."

"There's a lot we don't know about. There are spies all around watching everything we do. You know, if they get just a drop of your blood they can tell all about you."

"Where did you hear that?"

"I read it—it's in books."

"Let's face it, Stanley, you read that in the headlines of the tabloids at the supermarket. The last time you held a book was probably in sixth grade when Sister Torquemada made you stand up next to your desk to read your sentence. And you had to hold the book down low to hide a hard on." He slapped Stan's ass to signal him to turn over.

Stan obediently turned then flung an arm over his eyes. His voice choked up. "Damn it, Orvie, you make everything into a putdown of me. To you it's a joke, but you don't seem to think I have any feelings. I may not be smart and bright, but I shouldn't be insulted all the time for something I can't help."

Orval gripped Stan's arm. He knew there was more to this outburst than Stan could reveal. "I'm really sorry Stan. It was a bad joke. You're a lot smarter than you give yourself credit for. After all, you completed twenty years in the military with no bad marks and another twenty years of manual work without the least injury. Most guys couldn't do that. I couldn't do it." He coaxed the arm down and with tender hands smoothed the bald scalp and muscular face. He stroked the symmetrical body, sculptured by hard flat pecs and abs like fists.

Stan was a little mollified, "I didn't make E-9, but I got by. Most of it was easy. Everything was decided for me in advance; I just followed orders. But retiring again is scary. I'm out in the cold, like I was twenty years ago. I didn't think then I could make it on my own. Maybe I should stick with the job as long as I can."

Orval now understood Stan's fears. "Don't worry, Buddy, I'll never dump you, but the job would have. The Round family are selling out in three months; the deal is set. The gas station and tire shop go to a national chain who will bring in their own people. You would be kicked out after they bled your pension fund. Some kid with a rubber hammer will take over the body shop, and the used car lot becomes a fast food outlet. Then where would you be?"

"I guess you're right. But I have to do something. What can I do?" Stan seldom made this kind of appeal.

"You could manage this building and take care of the maintenance. You'd be good at that. And you have to take care of me."

"What will you do?"

"I'm mean enough to keep working for the Round family in their new furniture business; I'm already recruiting employees. Or I could become a wunderkind consultant. I've got a lot of time; remember, I'm only half as old as you are. And while I'm at work, you can drive your snazzy little red sports car up the coast to the gay bareass beach and run your daily mile naked on the wet sand, with your beautiful dick swinging free so all the guys will stare. Then you can duck behind the rocks and let someone suck you off, catch your breath and run back."

"Sounds good. But if we're together, I won't be looking for something like that. You won't go away, will you?" Stan yawned.

"I'll be with you until the day you put on a toupee."

Reassured, Stan dozed off while Orval finished the rubdown. As he worked the lower abdomen and the inner thighs, Stan's penis expanded in a remarkable erection. It extended flat up his belly, the heavy testicles in the shrinking scrotum prominent on either side of the shaft. The head peeped from the foreskin and oozed a drop of clear fluid into his navel.

Soos, huddled in a corner of the room, was baffled. He wouldn't go to the effort of becoming visible again; he'd been having trouble with that mechanism. He couldn't give either of them a blow job to enchant them; they were already enchanted by each other. He snuck into the kitchen, swiped back the dollar and climbed aboard a local CB signal.

Orval retrieved the little model wrestler from the kitchen sink. He noted that the dollar had disappeared and shrugged. "He cleaned up pretty well, a cute stocky little guy. And he's articulated; his arms can close and hold onto something. He's just the right size to hug your cock." While Stan snored gently, Orval clamped the figure onto his partner's hard penis. It clung like an eager lover. Orval leaned down to kiss the beloved organ and whispered to the toy, "Well, young man, I'll bet you didn't think you would wind up wrapped around some big prick."

***

Lee Roy stirred, "Who said that?" He nestled against Mike on the bed, an arm and leg flung over him.

Mike pressed against him, "Said what?"

"I thought I heard somebody say something about me being wrapped around a big prick. It must have been a dream."

Mike grumbled, "I should resent that, I suppose. But it will be a little

while before I rise again, a fine upstanding citizen."

In the last couple of hours Lee Roy and Mike had thoroughly messed up both big beds in the room, and temporarily deflated their perpetual erections. While they now rested, Mike remarked, "After supper I called up an old acquaintance out west. His company is selling their auto repair business and buying into a chain of furniture stores. They'll need drivers and delivery men to carry big things and shove them around. He'll give us a try if we get out there. Are you game?"

"Gee, I don't know. What if I don't like it? I'll have wasted all that time."

"So will I, and I have less time to waste. I'm twice as old as you are, you know."

Lee Roy nuzzled his chest, "I know, but I'll catch up."

"How will you do that?"

"Look. Round it off. Say you're forty and I'm twenty, half as old as you. In twenty years you'll be sixty and I'll be forty, two-thirds as old. Another twenty years you'll be eighty and I'll be sixty, three-quarters as old. I keep getting closer. Someday I'll catch up. I'm going to stick with you until I do."

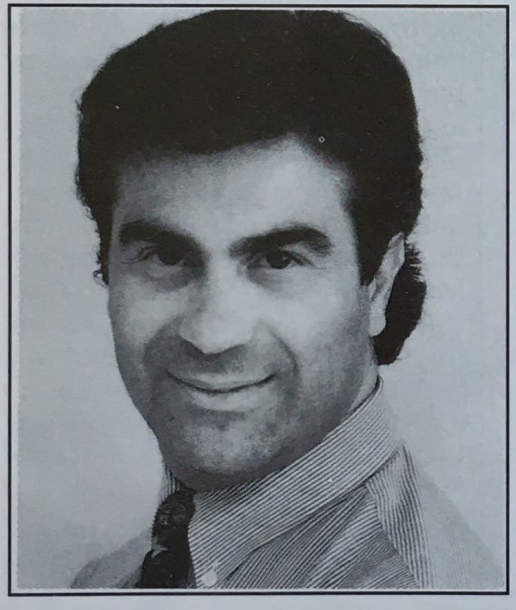
Mike mused, "All dust is the same age. Right now I feel like a kid who has a whole box of chocolate Moon Pies all to himself." He put his arms around Lee Roy as far as they would go.

***

Soos got stranded in the desert overnight when the CB signal shut down. At dawn he boarded an Internet beam and browsed the web. He accessed the pair from Redundant Beach, laughing and running naked on the sand along the surf. He connected with the ex-wrestlers in Mike's pickup, getting sick and tired of that there blacktop southwest of Nowhereburg, laughing because a gross was the smallest pack of condoms sold at Family-Mart. Time was running out for Soos. He decided as far as he was concerned, they would all just have to stay enchanted. Mid-continent, he abandon the dollar and baboon T-shirt, which caused a small stir falling on Topeka, Kansas. Soos soared and joined his tribe.

The silver crescent of a new moon glimmers in the west. The Demiurge gathers her horde of daemons and imps, goblins and gremlins aswarm in the faint glow, and marshals them, gibbering and squealing, up the cosmic current to their revels and orgies, their bowling nights and pot luck suppers, their sitcoms and talk shows on the dark side of the Moon.

GIRAFFE, 73, lives in San Francisco with a cat named Gato. He enjoys stocky, stout fellows with a good sense of humor. He's in the CR Hall of Fame and is one of our most prolific and popular writers.



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ANNOUNCEMENTS

ART DIRECTION CONTRACT

CRPI has awarded CR's art direction to Macro Photography, which is owned and operated by CRPI stockholders, photographer MACRO and his partner, GLENNSPORT . They will commence working on CR immediately.

DISTRIBUTION CONTRACT

We are currently seeking a reliable contractor to receive our magazine from our printer and distribute to wholesalers, book stores and subscribers. Call Pat Colley at CRPI for more information.

THE LOSS OF ANOTHER SUPER MODEL

We sadly advise that CR model, Dale Grismore, aka BEER CAN THICK, passed away on August 14, 1996. No cause of death was ever made known to us.

At one time Dale was a dear friend of ours who visited regularly, but, as often happens, he drifted out of our lives.

He was a wonderful man who knew an amazing number of people. A pioneer subscriber to Swan, he was instrumental in introducing the magazine to all his many friends in a big way.

We owe him so very much and will never forget him.

CR CLASSICS DROPPED

CRC #9 will be the final issue of the CR Classics series. Sales for the magazine have been declining over the past year to a point where it must now join our other commercial flops such as *CRonus*, *Quincunx*, and the video "Orlando 95."

If you are due more CR Classics beyond CRC #9, we will add the commensurate number of CR issues to your subscription. For instance: if your subscription code is "6/97 S," we will mail you the final CRC the end of this year, then add an extra issue of CR to the end of your subscription, changing it to "8/97." The "S" will disappear from mailing labels.

MYSTERIOUS DATA BASE LOSS

We regret to inform you that a sizeable chunk of customer sales data was somehow erased from our data base during the months of May and June of this year.

We are in the process of repairing and rebuilding the file from deposit records and should be current shortly. Meanwhile, if you have not received what you have coming, please call us at (619) 868-6371. We will more than make up for your inconvenience.

MINIMUM ORDER INITIATED

Because banks now nickel and dime you to death, CRPI can no longer accept checks or money orders for less than $10.00. Which brings us to:

THE SUBJECT OF CASH

We don't recommend that customers send cash in payment for merchandise and services, but there are times when it seems to be the only way for certain people. If you must pay for a substantial order with foreign or U.S. currency, PLEASE disguise it well and send it via certified or registered mail. If your order is below $10, send cash, but understand that we cannot be responsible for it in case it gets ripped off.

AUSTRALIA AND JAVA SEA CRUISE CANCELLED

Due to acute lack of interest, the "cruise of a lifetime" will not be sponsored by CRPI. Most readers complained that it was too long (25 days) and asked us to try a shorter one. But since this was our second cancelled cruise, we prefer to allow someone else to organize one for a change. Note that the mini-tours in Darwin, Cairns and Brisbane are likewise cancelled.

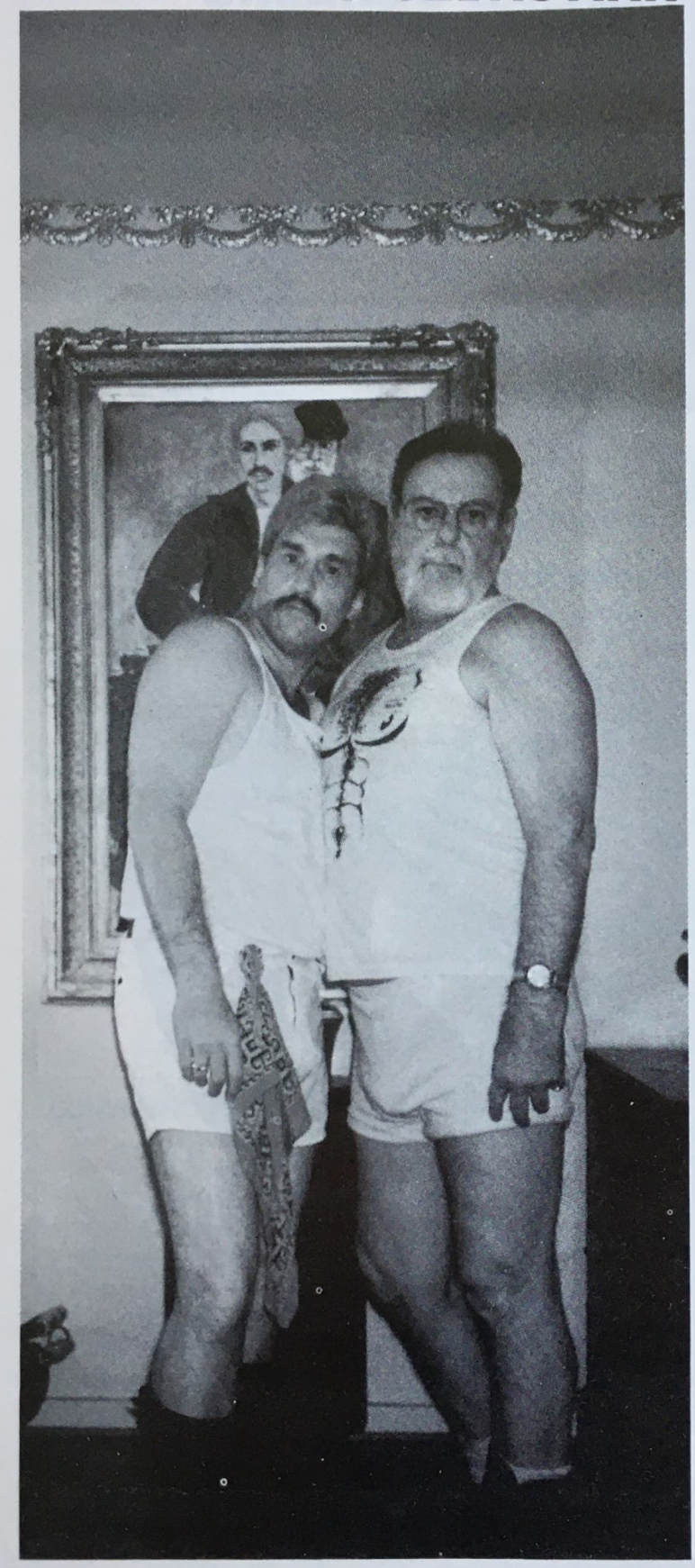
DATES FOR THE SYDNEY REGIONAL ASSEMBLY CHANGED

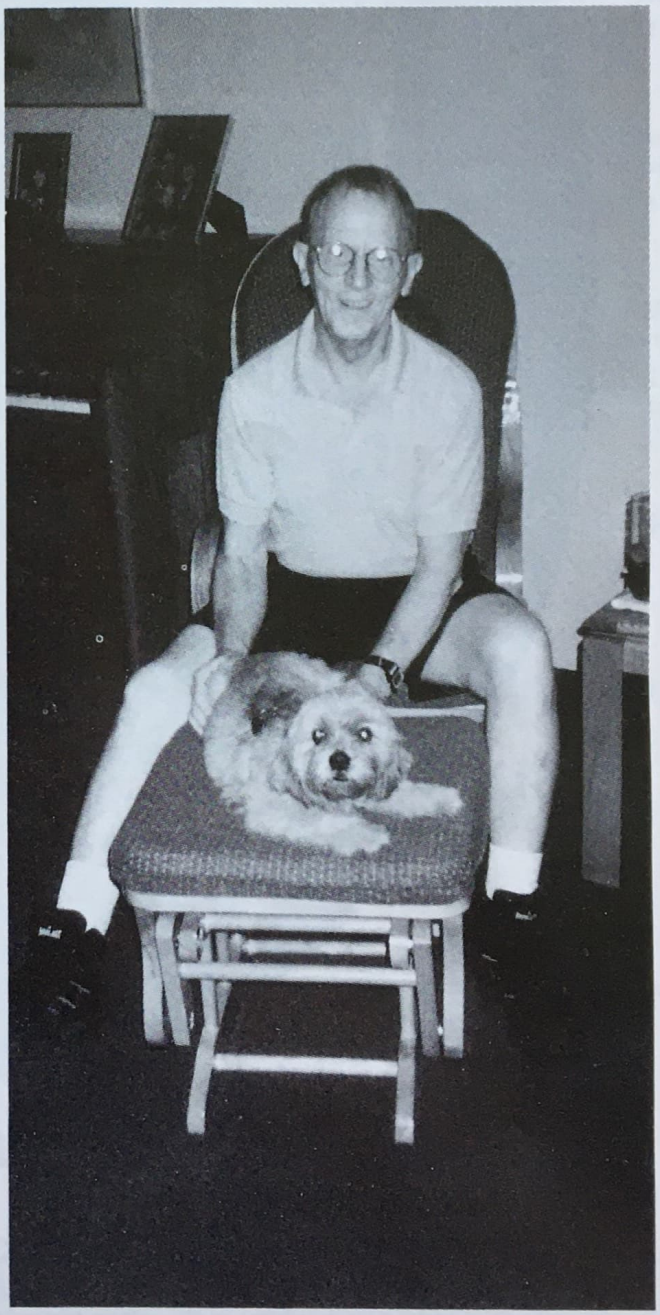
Without the constraints of a departing cruise, we have decided to enhance the Sydney Regional by having it on the weekend of February 22—right at the kickoff of Gay Mardi Gras—instead of during the week. See page 51 for more details. Bruce and I will spend more time in Sydney as a result and will travel to select other cities in Australia and New Zealand to see friends. If you want to attend this regional, make your plane reservations right away. Things are getting tight in Sydney because of the Mardi Gras festivities.

COMPS BITE THE DUST

Another casualty of our austerity campaign is the practice of giving complimentary subscriptions to various organizations and individuals. We regret having to stop this, but we have no choice. We ask that all reciprocal comp arrangements be cancelled.

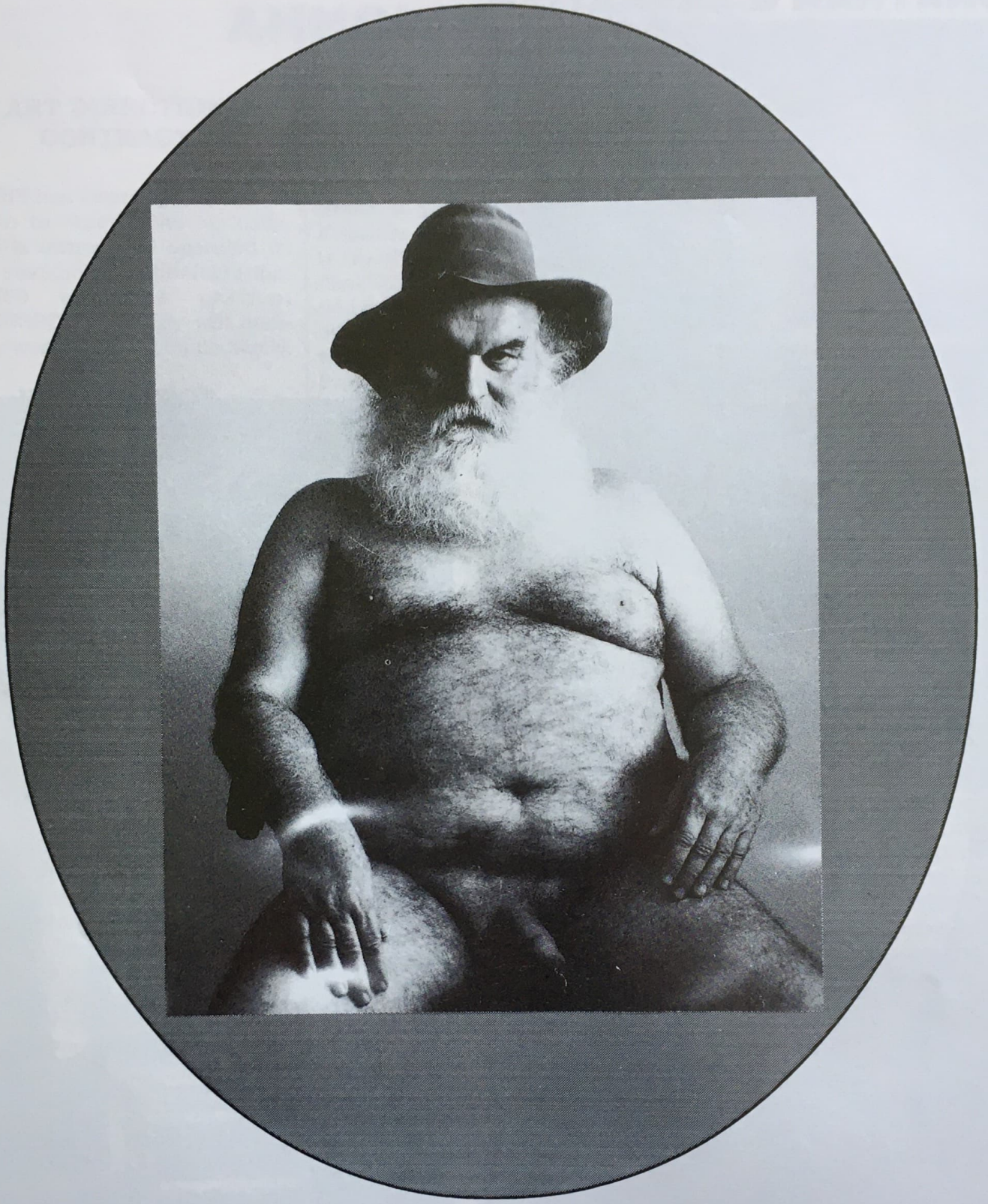
JONATHAN & SEBASTIAN





SONNY OF LONG BEACH

Dwight



SILENUS HONEY

JOHN RAND

ORLANDO GATHERING CASTING CALL

MR. SIMBADADDY '97 CONTESTANTS IF YOU'RE A HOT LOOKING MATURE GUY WHO WOULD LIKE TO COMPETE WITH THE LIKES OF FREDDY GATOR, SWISS 1, STEVE MOORE, PAUL NELSON, CHUCKY BEAR, BAMA, THOM, J.R. OF TEX, FURRY DADDY, BOSTON BILL, ARNIE, ROB DADEO, CHUCKEE, JIM SNODGRASS, BAY AREA TOP, B.J., AND A BUNCH OF OTHER CR MODELS, THEN ENTER THE CONTEST BY SENDING US A PHOTO. IF YOU ARE ALREADY A CR MODEL AND WANT TO ENTER, SIMPLY SEND US A NOTE ADVISING US THAT YOU'D LIKE TO ENTER. MUST PASS FOR AT LEAST 45 OR 50. FIRST PRIZE: $1,000 IN CASH. SECOND PRIZE: $500.00. THIRD PRIZE: $300.00

PROFESSIONAL COMEDIAN(S) (MATURE OR MATURE-LOVING) REQUIRED FOR FRIDAY NIGHT DINNER SHOW. GENEROUS CONTRACT FOR RIGHT ACT. CONTACT PAT COLLEY AND/OR SEND VIDEO OR TAPE OF RECENT PERFORMANCE.

VERY TALENTED, ALL-MALE, LATIN DANCE COUPLE OR TEAM (MATURE OR MATURE-LOVING) REQUIRED FOR FRIDAY NIGHT DINNER SHOW. GENEROUS CONTRACT FOR RIGHT ACT. SEND VIDEO OF RECENT PERFORMANCE AND/OR RESUME.

VISUAL ARTISTS/PHOTOGRAPHERS ARE INVITED TO JOIN THE GATHERING ART EXHIBIT AND DISPLAY A LIMITED NUMBER OF WORKS FOR SALE. EXHIBIT SPACE WILL BE FREE, AND CRPI WILL NOT REQUIRE A FEE OR A CUT. CALL PAT COLLEY FOR MORE INFORMATION AND/OR SEND BROCHURES FROM RECENT EXHIBITS YOU'VE DONE. ADULT ARTWORK ACCEPTABLE.

MUSICAL ARTISTS ARE INVITED TO JOIN THE GATHERING RECITAL SERIES AND PERFORM A FREE RECITAL.. GRAND PIANO AND SOUND SYSTEM WILL BE PROVIDED BY CRPI. MUST ARRANGE FOR OWN ACCOMPANIST. PERFORMANCE REWARD: IF YOU HAVE TAPES OR CDS TO SELL, CRPI WILL SELL FOR YOU WITH NO FEE OR CUT REQUIREMENT. CONTACT PAT COLLEY FOR MORE INFORMATION AND/OR SEND TAPES OF RECENT PERFORMANCES.

VOLUNTEERS ARE NEEDED AS FOLLOWS. INTERESTED PARTIES ARE REQUESTED TO CONTACT US ASAP.

REQUIREMENTS:

--MUST BE A VIP AND PREFERABLY A CR MODEL OR CONTRIBUTOR.

--MUST REGISTER AND PAY FULL FEE.

--MUST BE WILLING TO WORK A TOTAL OF AT LEAST TWO HOURS OVER THE DURATION OF THE CONVENTION AND ACCEPT CR STAFF SUPERVISION.

REWARDS:

--A COMPLIMENTARY ONE-YEAR EXTENSION TO YOUR SUBSCRIPTION TO CR.

--A FREE CR CAP

OPENINGS:

--DINNER HOSTS - Manning entrances to events, greeting delegates, checking for badges.

--REGISTRATION HOSTS - Distribution of badges to delegates.

--RETAILING HOSTS - Counter sales of CR merchandise.

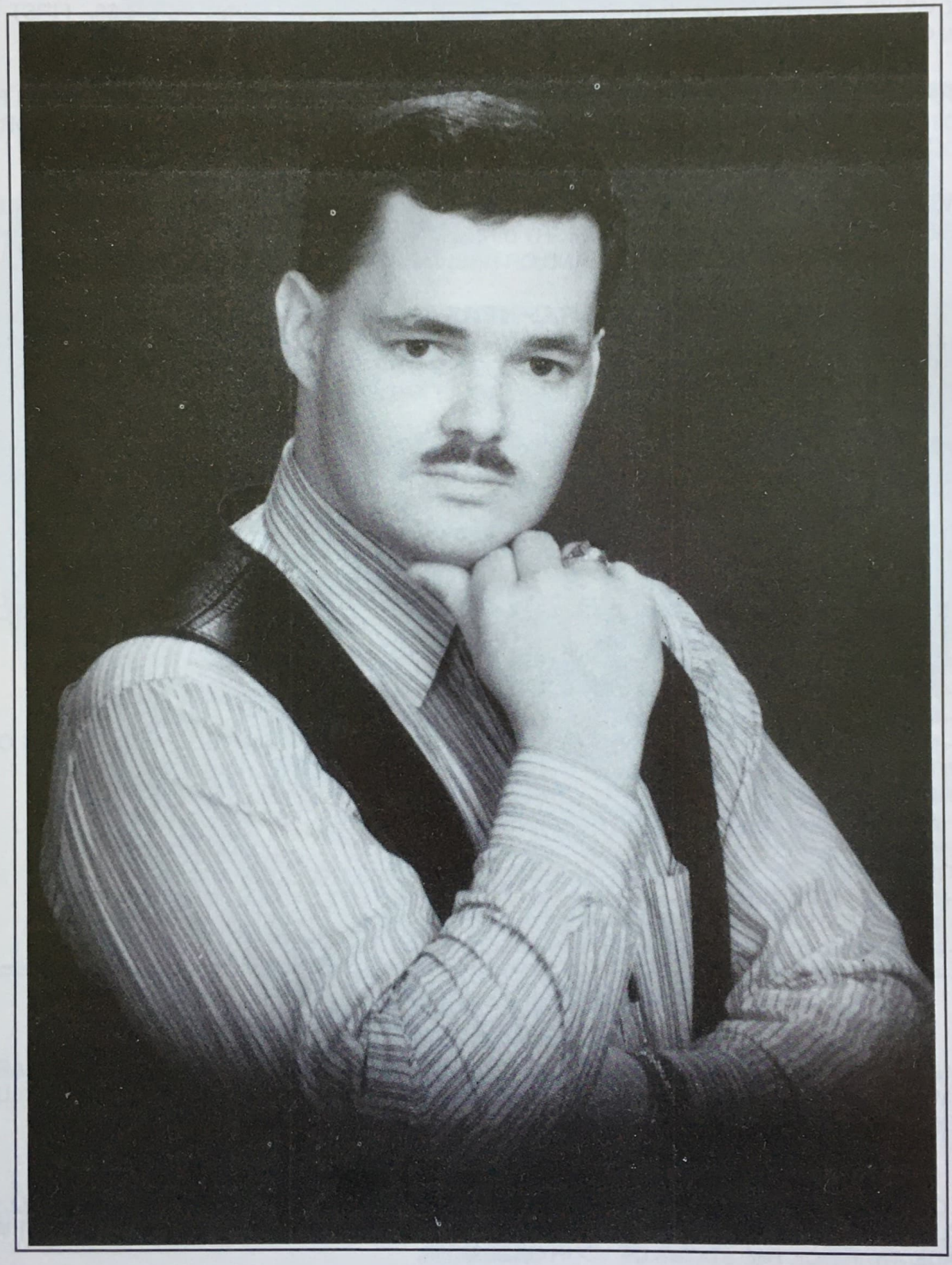
IMPORTANT NOTICES TO CRPI CUSTOMERS

DID YOU SEND A PAYMENT FOR SERVICES AND/OR MERCHANDISE DURING THE MONTHS OF MARCH, APRIL, MAY OR JUNE OF 1996? DID YOU GET WHAT YOU PAID FOR? IF NOT, WRITE US AND INCLUDE A COPY OF YOUR CHECK OR MONEY ORDER.

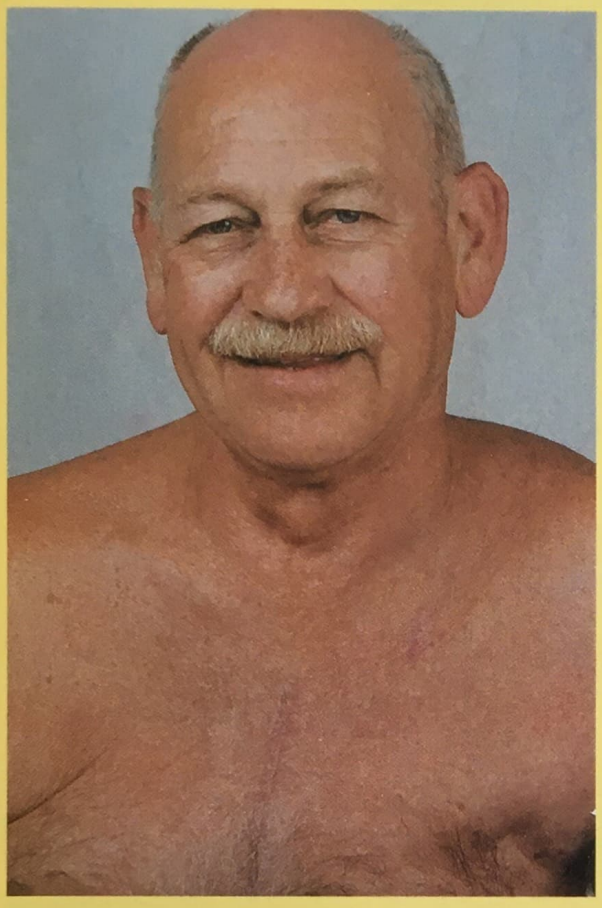
AND TO SWAN CUSTOMERS

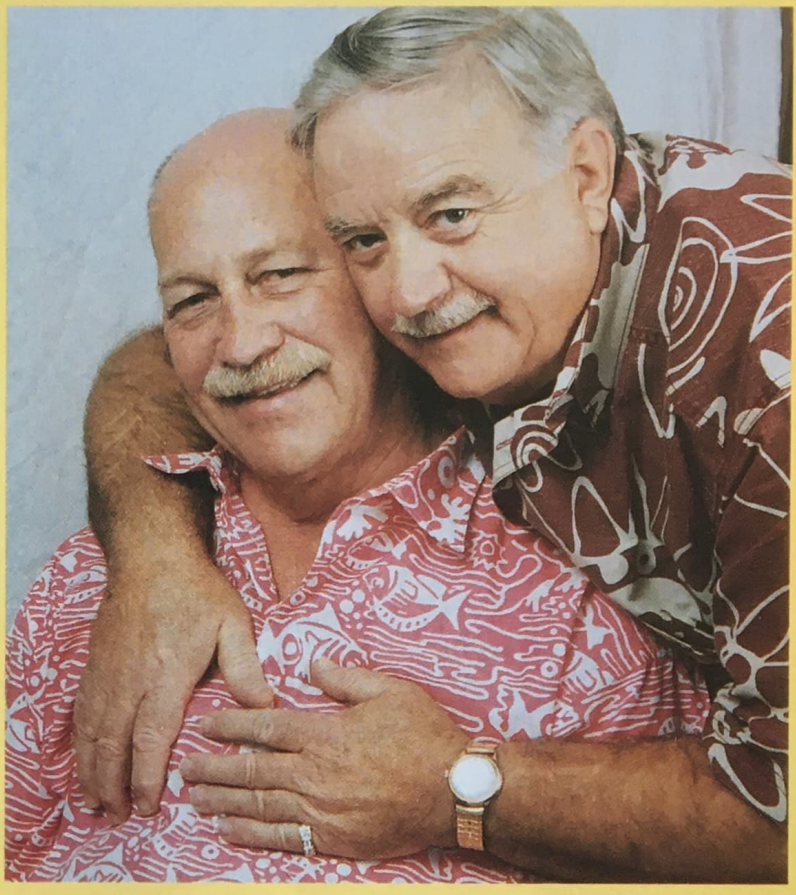
IF YOU ORDERED A SWAN VIDEO FROM P.O. BOX 1985, VICTORVILLE, CA 92393 INSTEAD OF P.O. BOX 2589, PLEASE CONTACT PAT COLLEY WITH CRPI AT (619) 868-6371. IT IS VERY IMPORTANT THAT WE ARE MADE AWARE OF THE STATUS OF YOUR ORDER.

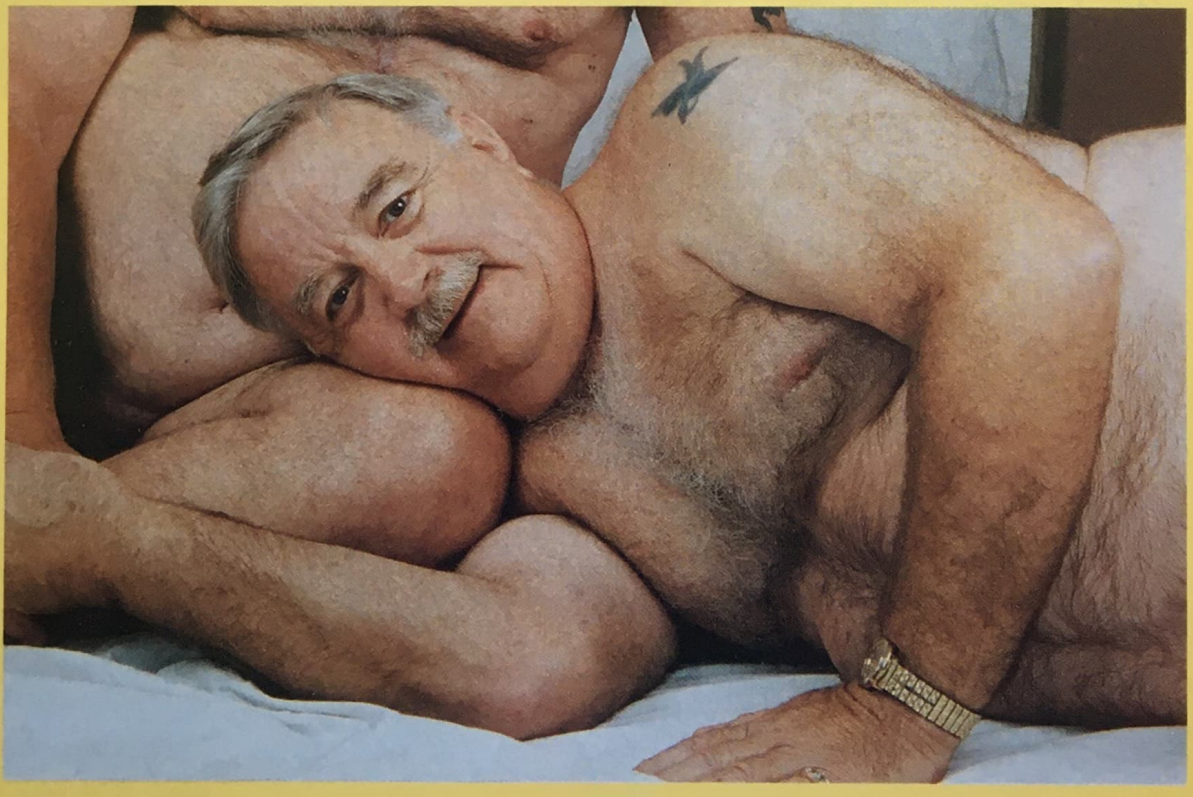
THE RACER



pair of jacks

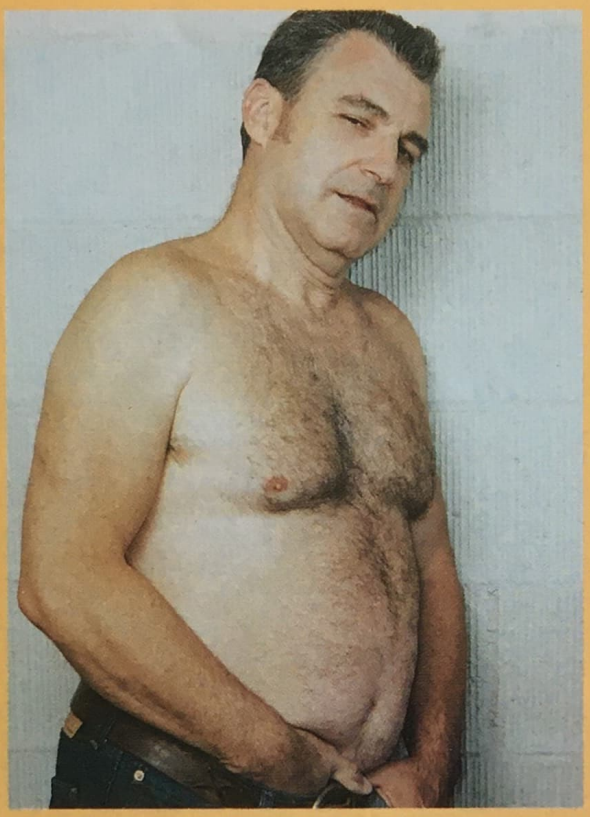


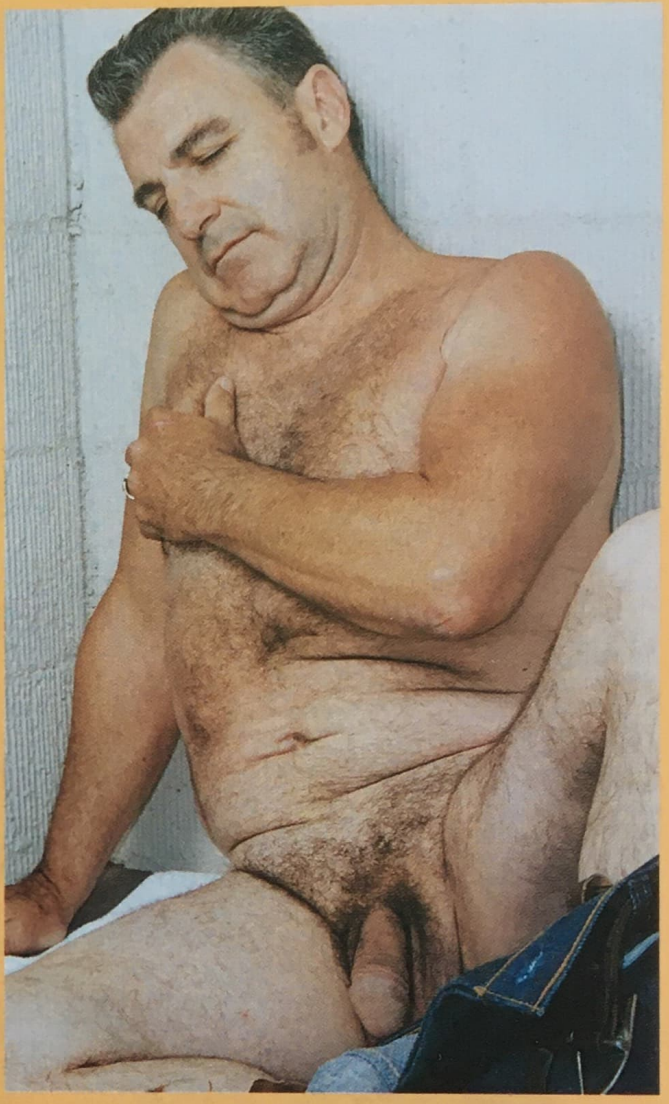


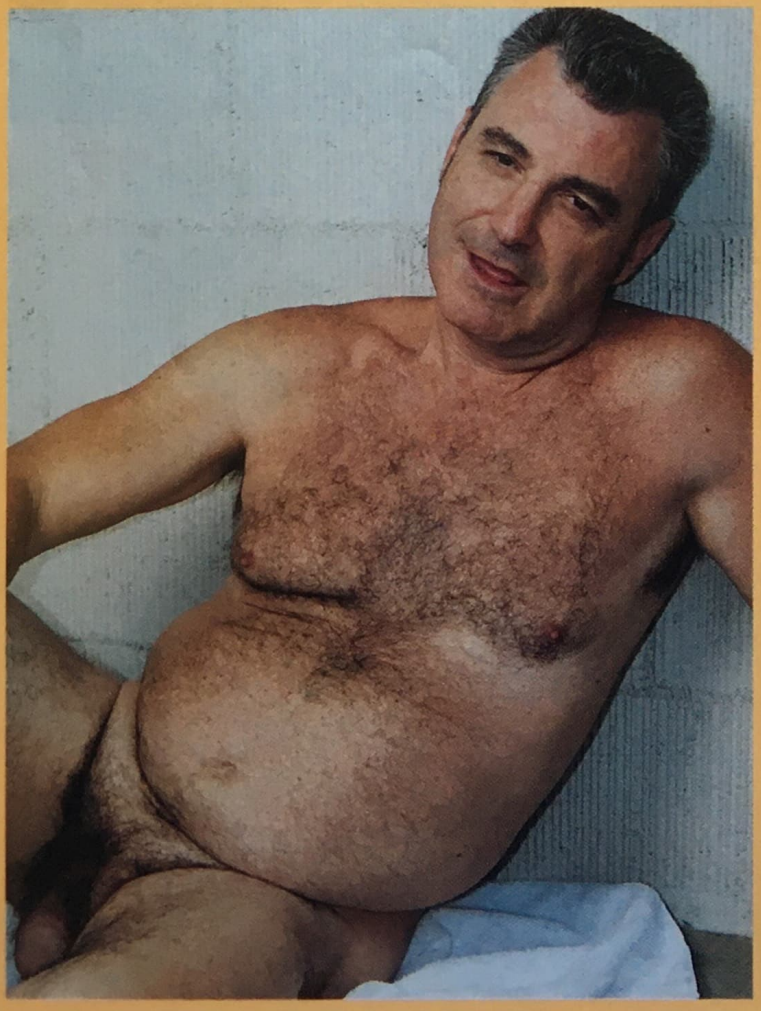


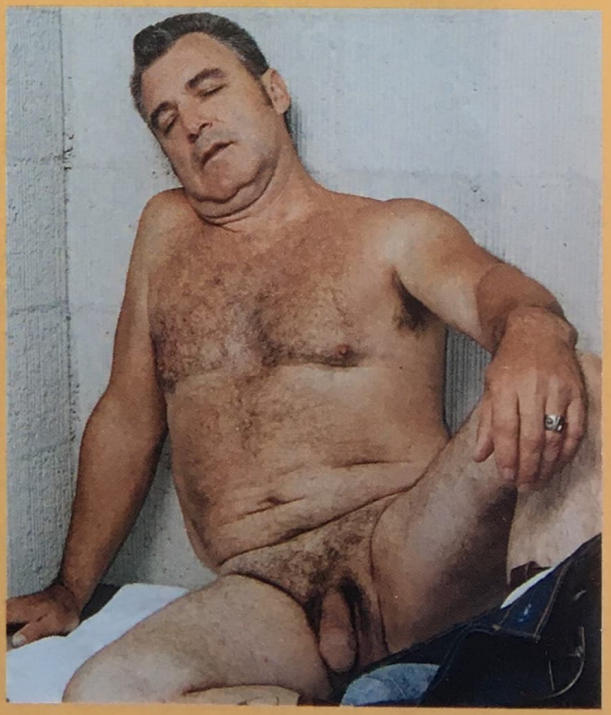
all photos by macro

B.K.





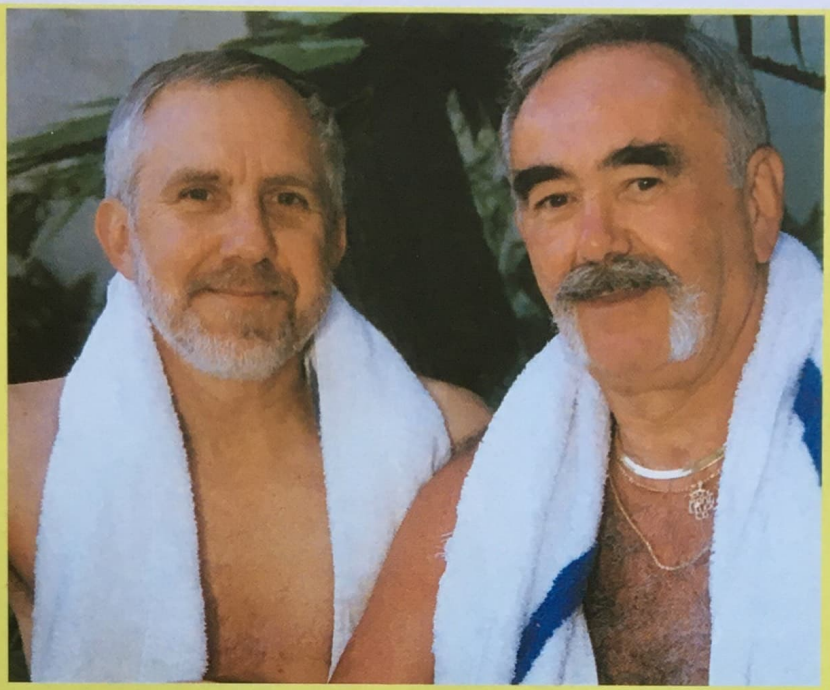


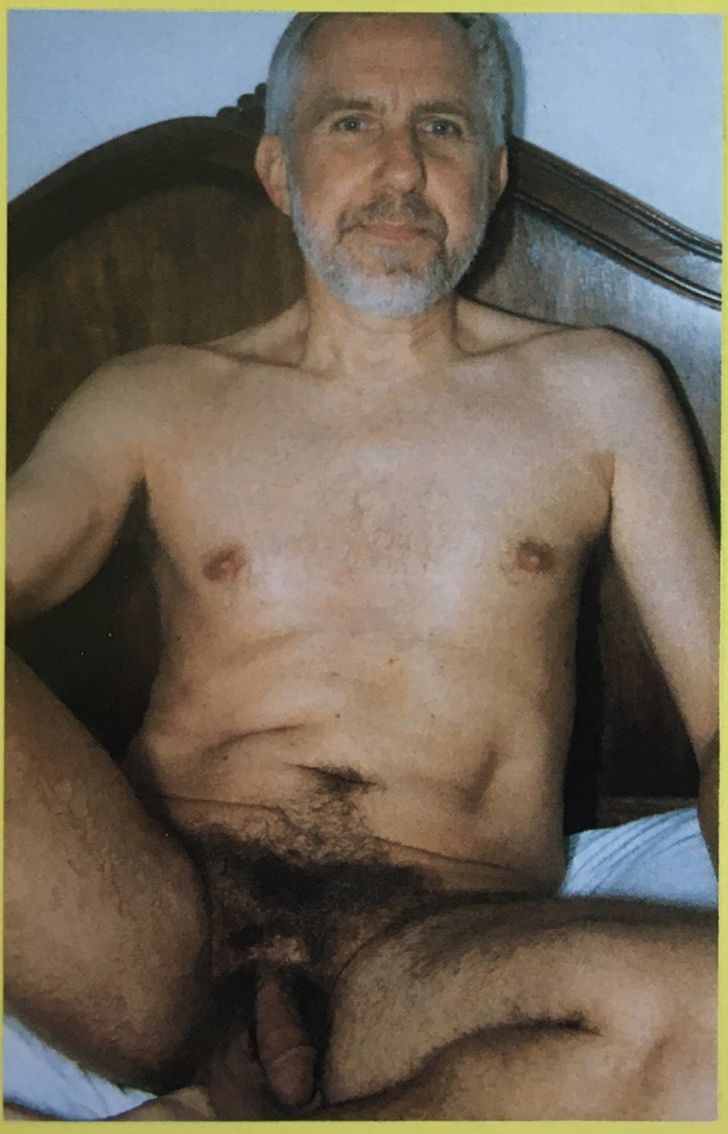


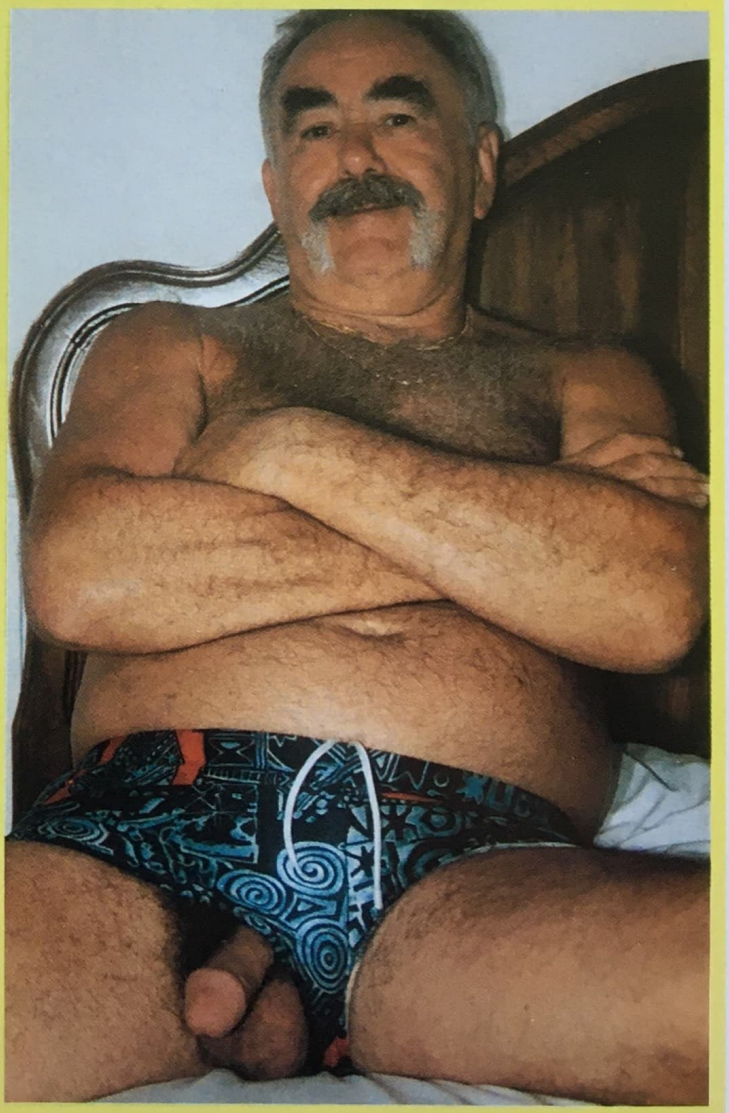
photos by Macro

MOUNTAIN BIKER & TISH

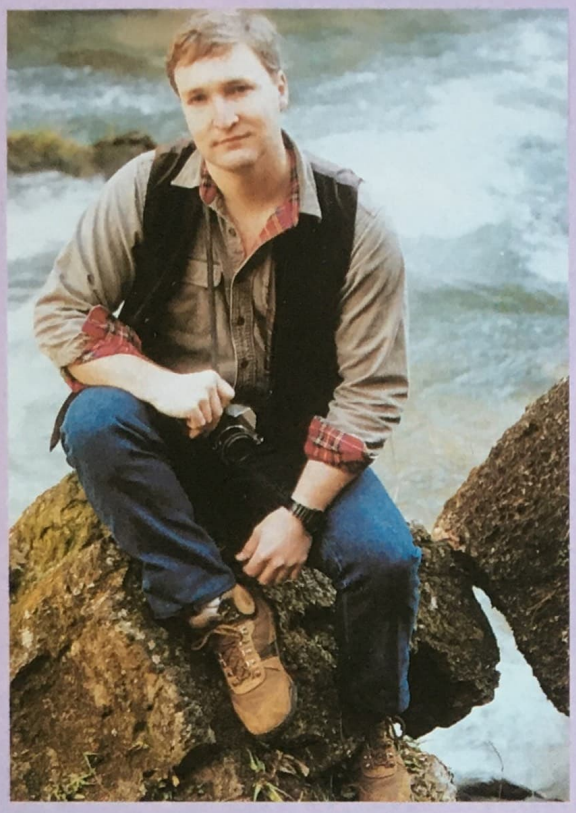
photos by joel



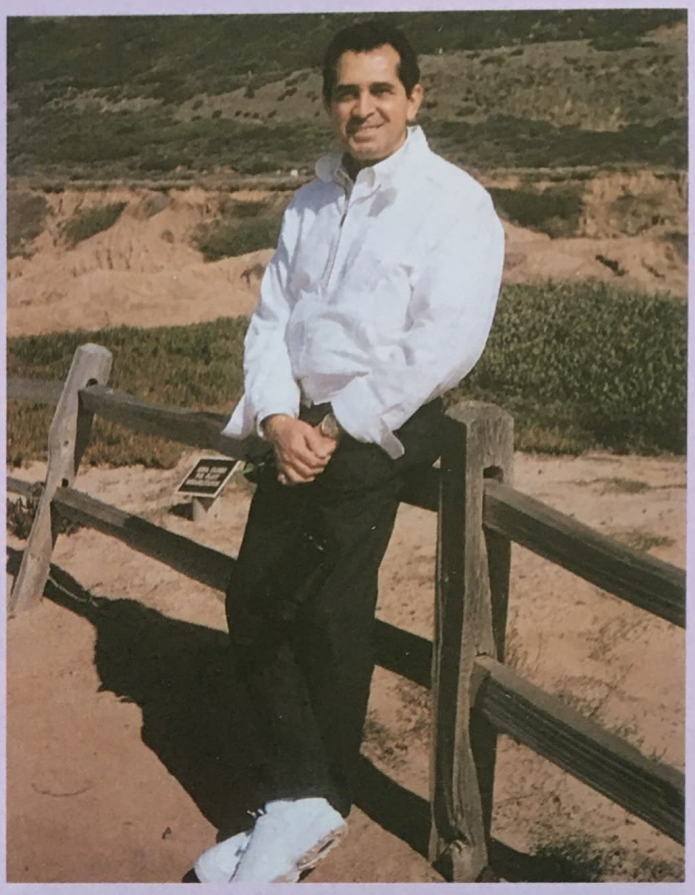




OZARK CUB Paul



VALENTINO Duffy



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All photos by Macro

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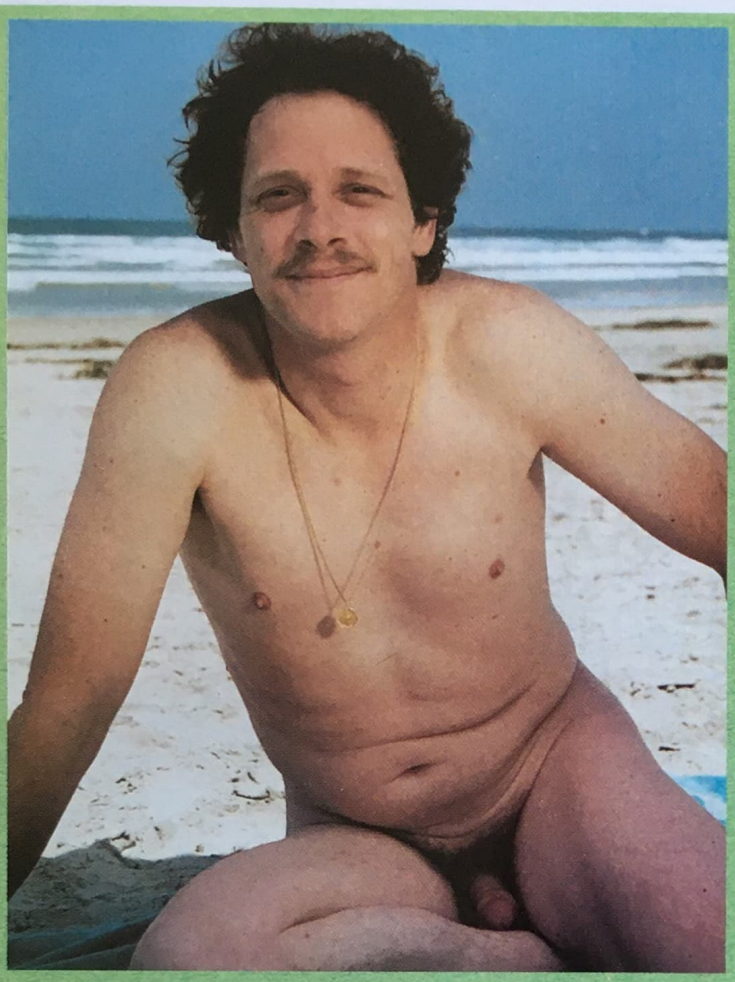
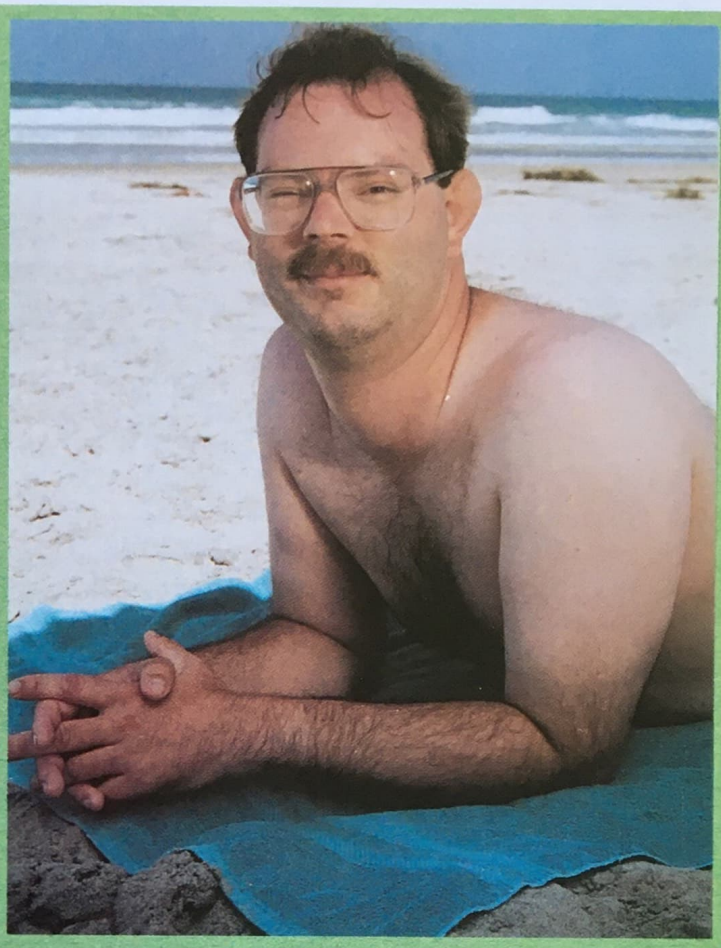
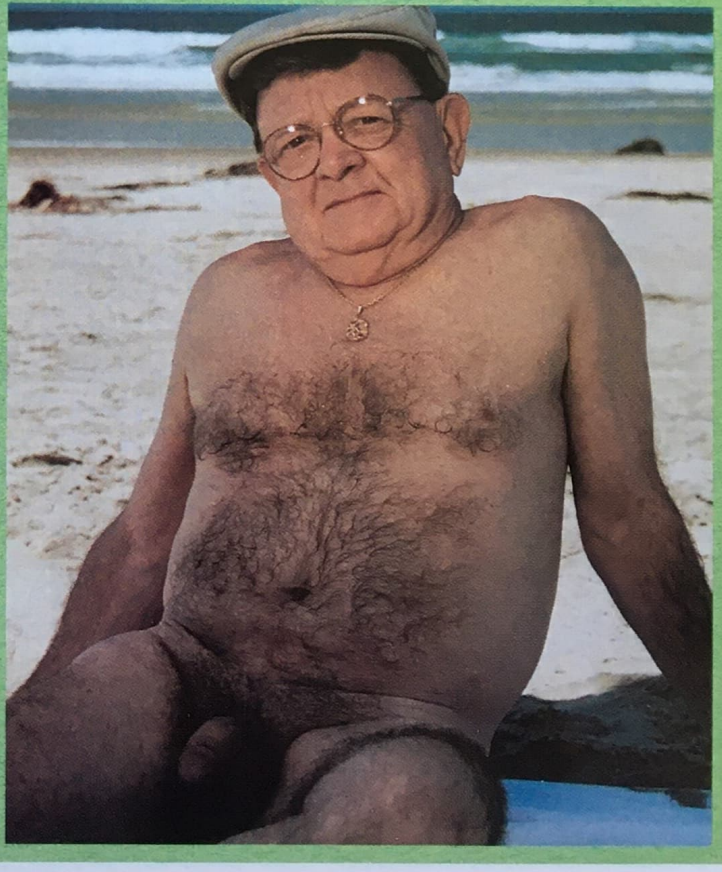


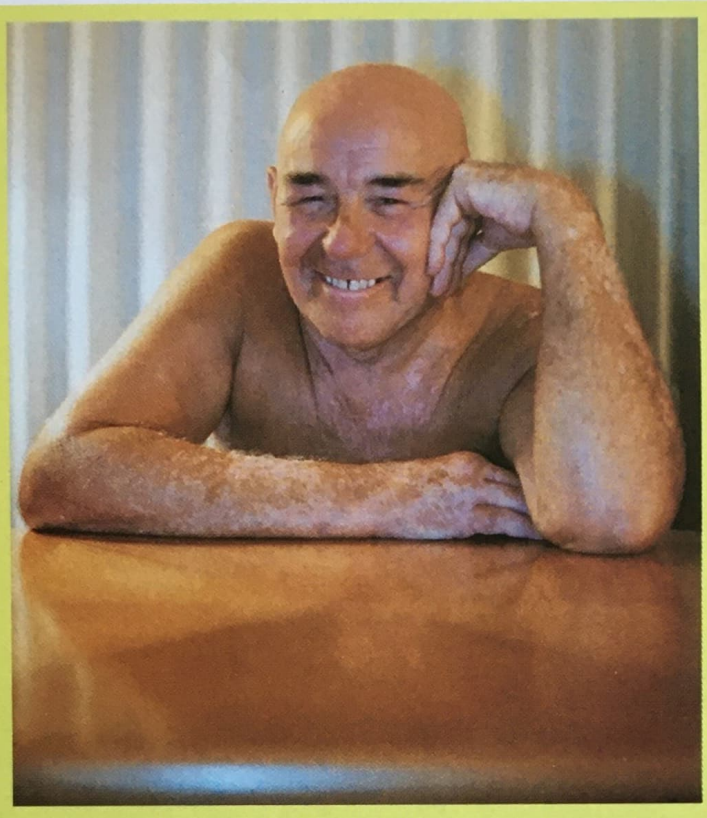


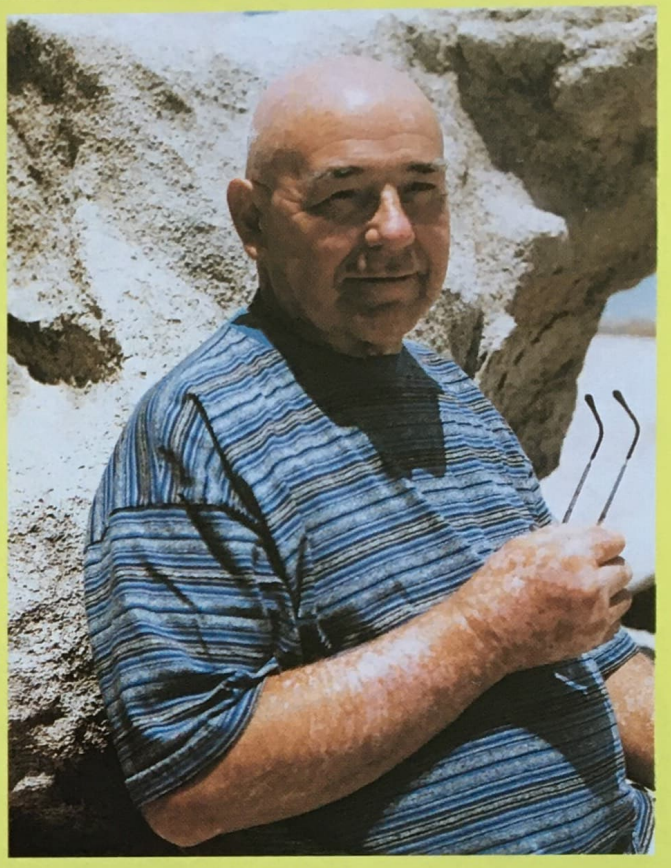


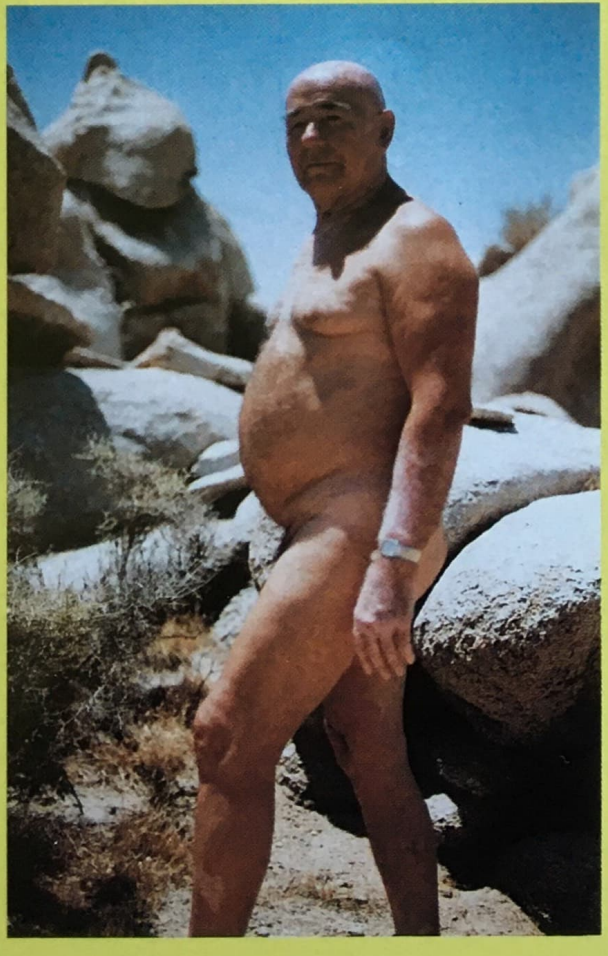
MACRO & JOEL

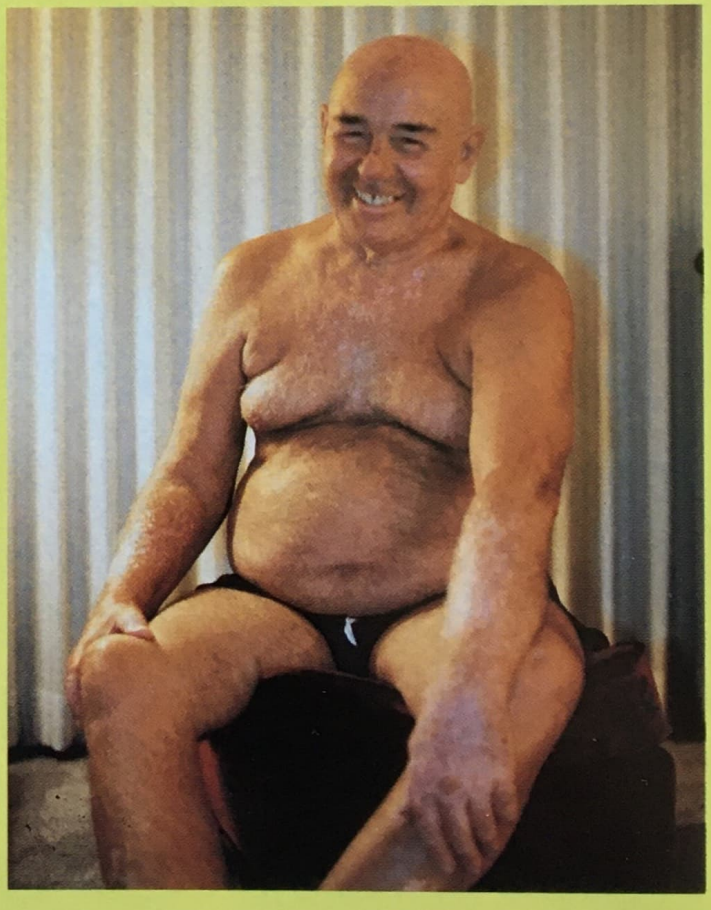
TOOTS

photos by Len

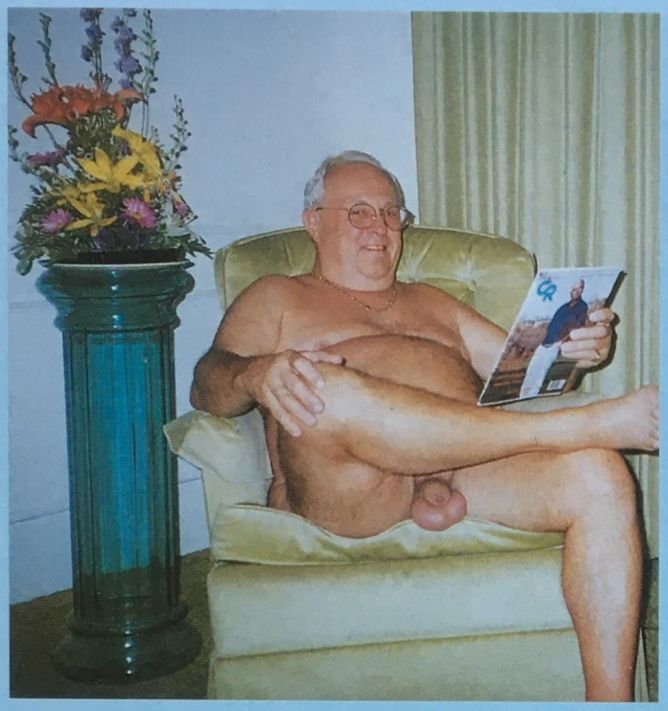




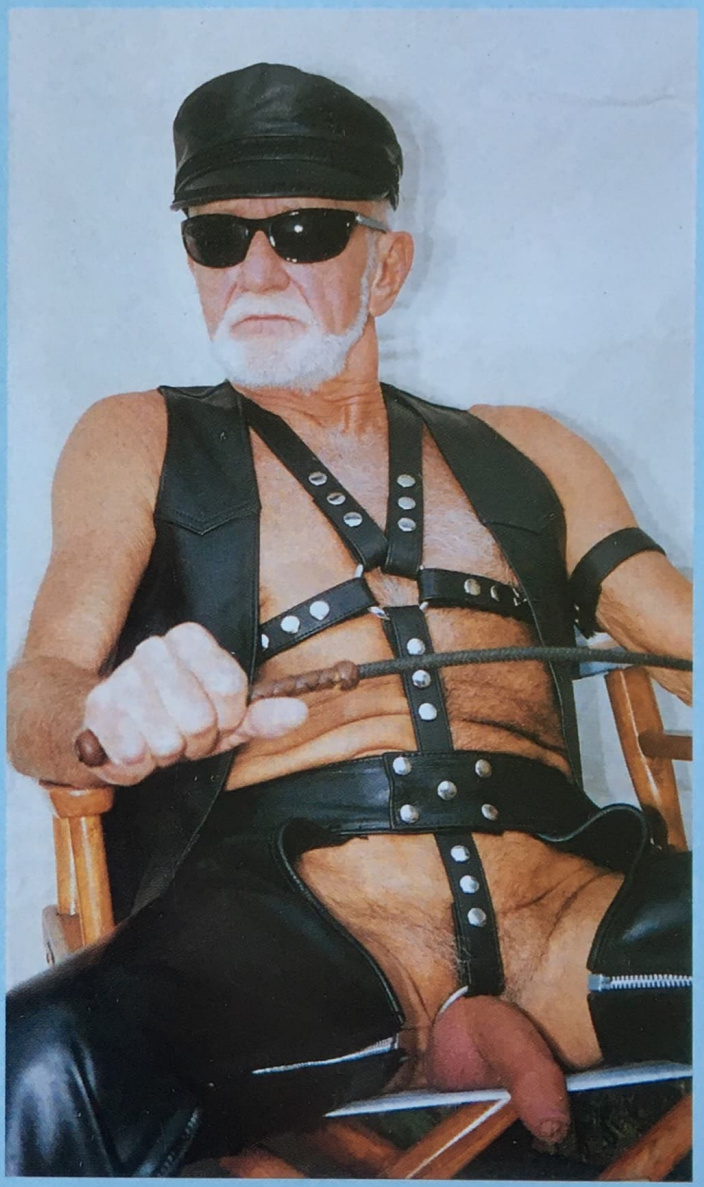


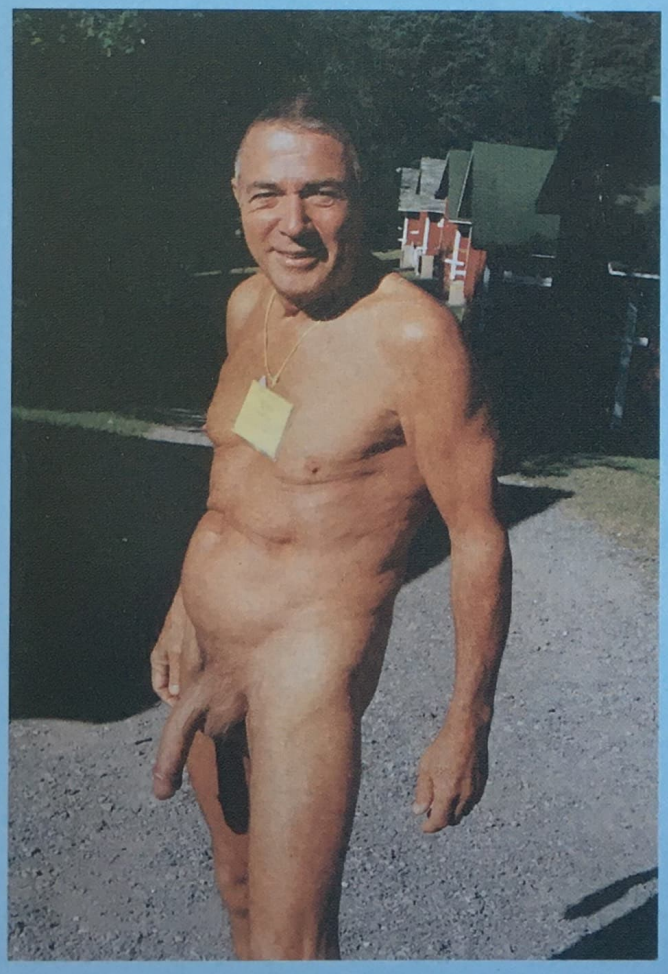


MICHIGAN MONTE Shutterhug



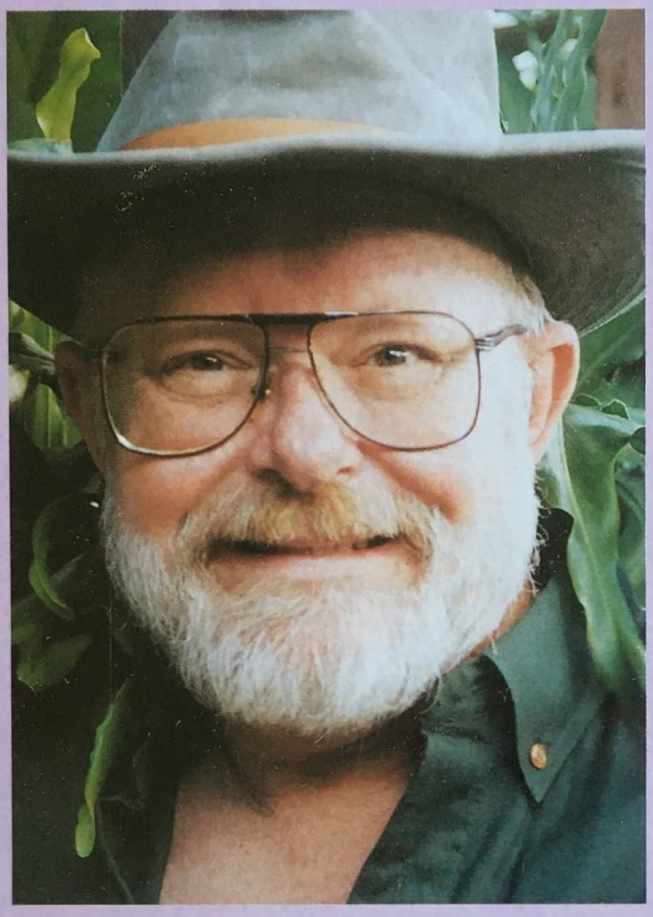
DADDY BEN Joel



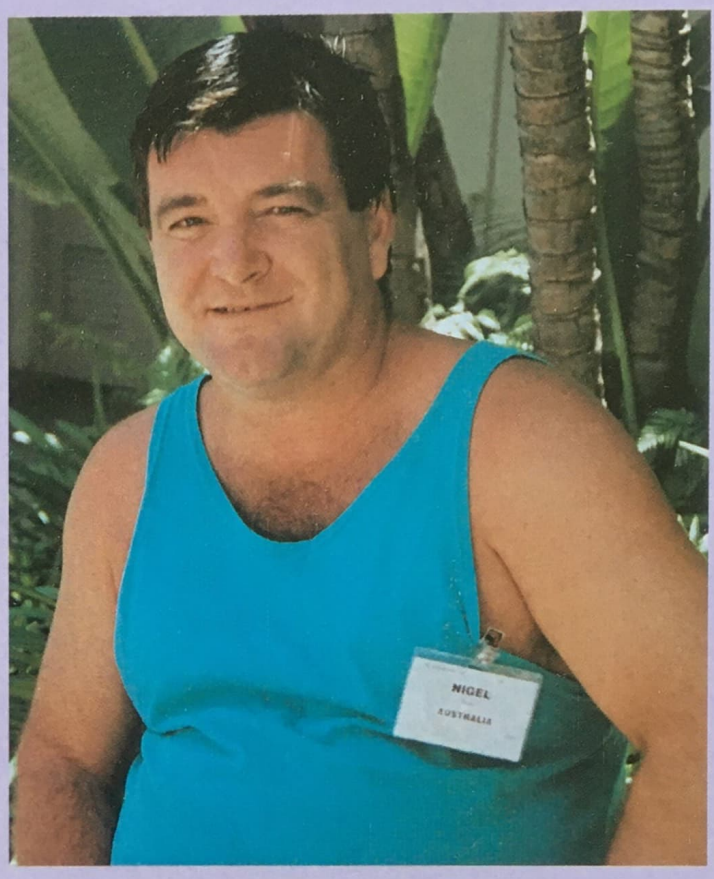


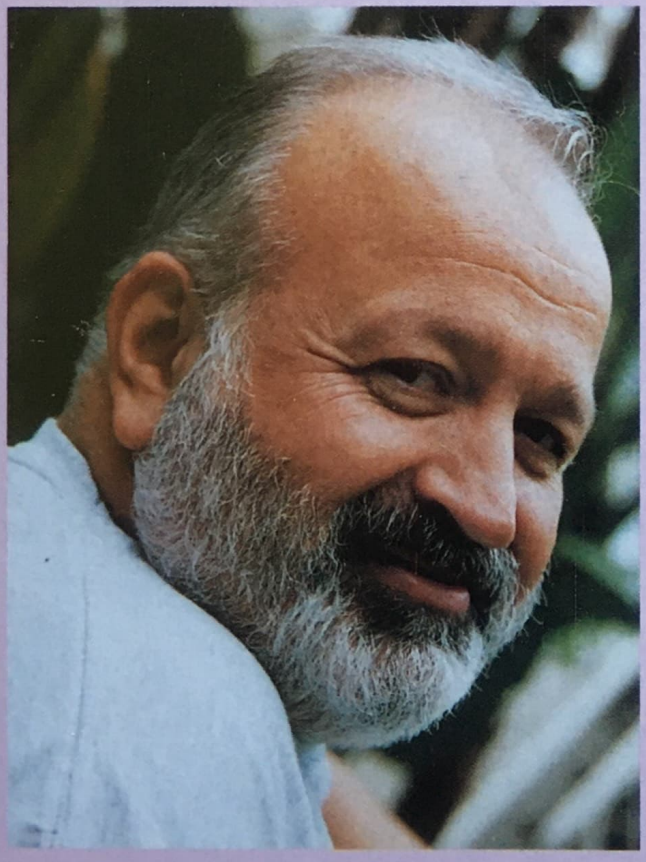
VIRGINIA ERNIE Bama

PAPERMATE Tuffy

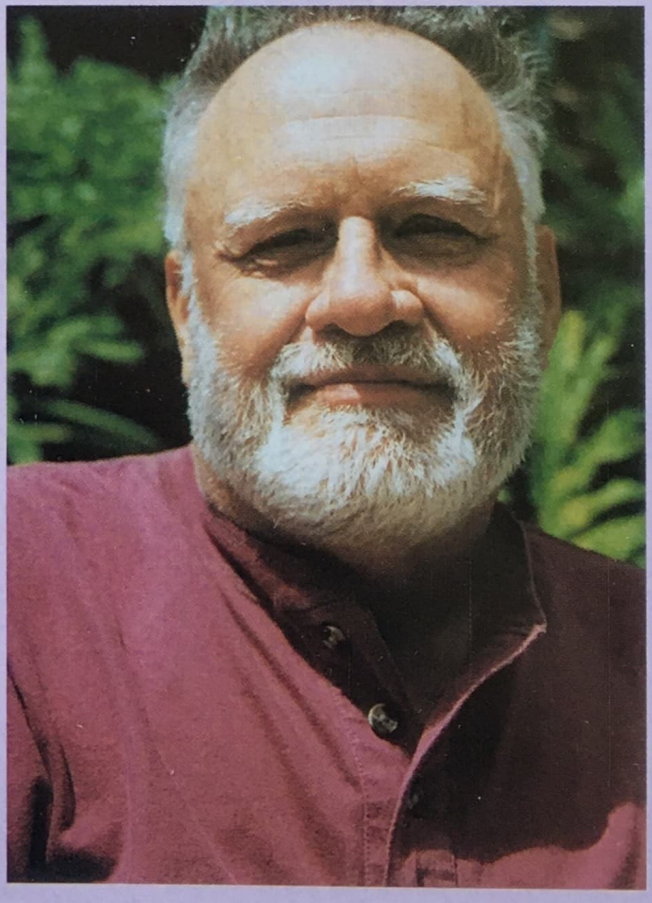


KOALA Mike Deveau



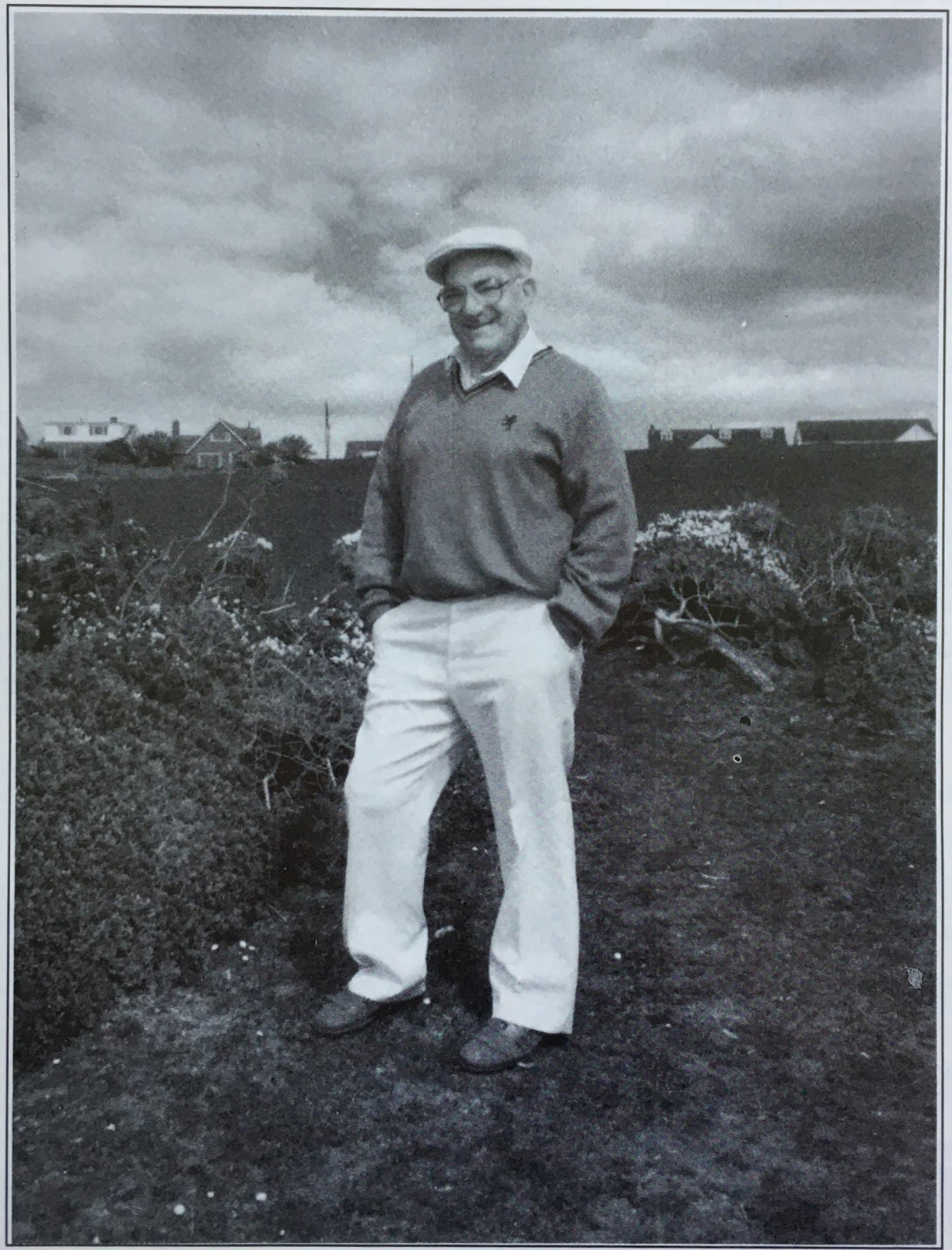


MOVIE BUFF Joel



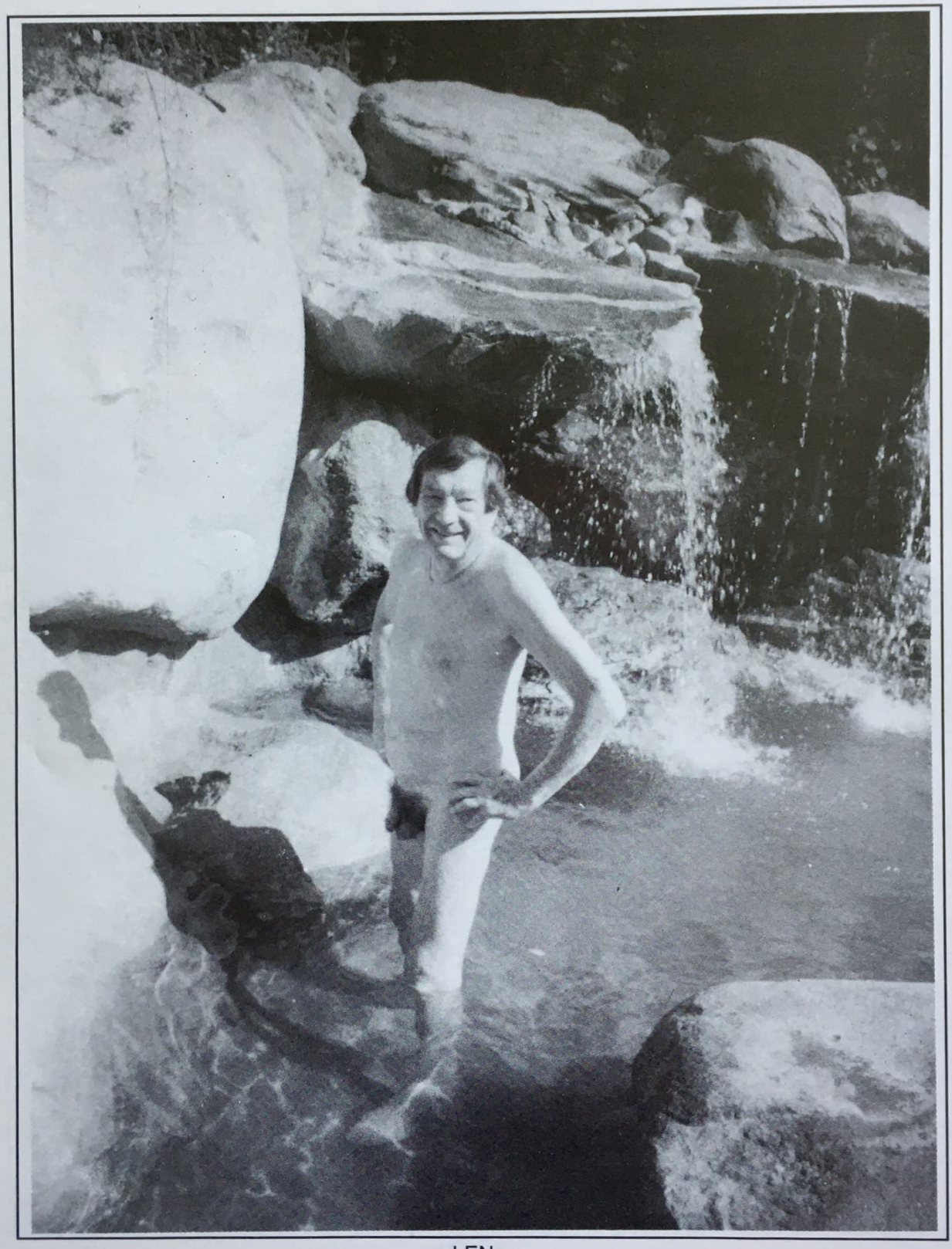
IDAHO KEN Joel

TAFFY



PANDA

LORRY



LEN

HOW?

ALL YOUR PRESSING QUESTIONS ABOUT CR ARE ANSWERED RIGHT HERE

HOW LONG MUST YOU WAIT?

New subscriptions will be processed and first copies mailed within two (2) to four (4) weeks.

Back issues and other merchandise will be shipped within two (2) to five (5) weeks.

Non-urgent correspondence and photo submittals will be answered within two (2) two to five (5) weeks. Always allow at least a week to ten (10) days for transit time by mail or UPS.

If you want us to acknowledge receipt of something, you MUST include a self-addressed, stamped card. Tip: Our worst backlogs occur during the two weeks prior to the release of an issue.

HOW TO DECIPHER THE CODE ON YOUR ADDRESS LABEL

Suppose the code on your address label says: 12/96 S V (4.25). The date (12/96) indicates when your last issue will arrive. The "S" signifies that you will automatically receive all interim CR CLASSICS issues until your subscription expires. The "V" (VIP) reveals that you are a long-time supporter and someone we especially value. Being a VIP has its advantages. The "4.25" means that you have a $4.25 credit due. Credit will be applied to your subscription if you do not use it against a purchase by the last issue of your subscription. Disregard any other notations.

WHAT PRODUCTS AND SERVICES DO WE SELL?

MAGAZINE:

Chiron Rising (pronounced KY-RON)- a mildly erotic relationship and contact-oriented publication featuring fiction, essays, reviews, poetry, photography, artwork and personal ads.

VIDEO:

"Orlando '95", a non-adult entertainment production featuring the best of the CR Follies Gala during the past CR Gathering in Orlando. Many of those attending remarked that the show was as good as or better than a $50 Las Vegas show.

BOOKS:

Quincunx ... a collection of short fiction by P.H. Colley.

APPAREL:

Caps and T-shirts

EVENTS:

We organize a Gathering of mature men and admirers every spring and Regional Assemblies during the year.

HOW DID WE GET THAT FUNNY NAME?

CHIRON RISING is named after a comet called "Chiron," which has an orbit near that of Pluto. Astrologers don't agree on the significance of the placement of this celestial body in a natal chart, but the astrological community has seen fit to track and chart its movement. Bruce and I both have Chiron smack on our rising signs in our natal charts. In other words, we both have **Chiron ... rising**. Get it?

HOW OFTEN DO WE PUBLISH AND DISTRIBUTE?

During the first ten days of each even month. Subscribers can expect their issues to arrive sometime between the fifth and the fifteenth of the month, provided that we haven't been sidetracked by a Gathering within that time frame. Book stores should have CR on their shelves by the third or fourth week of the month.

HOW TO BECOME A CR MODEL

If you are 18 or over and want to become a CR model, send Macro Photography a sharply focused, well-contrasted 35 mm color or black & white photo of yourself. Send it along with a properly completed and signed release form (see next page). Can't find a good photo? Then get a good photographer to take some shots. If you want us to publish a clothed portrait, go to a professional photographer. Please don't send Polaroids, sex shots with obvious penetration, photos with half your head or penis missing, or portraits of yourself standing too far away. Avoid high-noon bright sunlight (it shadows your eyes) and straight-on flashes (they project dark shadows on the wall behind you). If you want your photo returned, YOU MUST send us a stamped return envelope (Foreign: IRC or $1 cash). Photos must be cropped in most cases to fit in the allotted space, so please don't send your last print. DO NOT SUBMIT PHOTOS WHICH ARE SIMILAR TO OR ACTUALLY THOSE BEING CONSIDERED FOR PUBLICATION IN ANOTHER MAGAZINE. DO NOT SUBMIT PHOTOS WHICH HAVE ALREADY BEEN PUBLISHED ELSEWHERE.

HOW TO WRITE TO CR MODELS, WRITERS, ETC.

Follow the instructions for answering a coded ad in the CR CLASSIFIEDS. Write, seal and stamp your fan letter, then write in pencil (NOT INK, BUT PENCIL) the name of the model/writer/etc. in the center of the envelope. Place that envelope inside a slightly larger envelope and send it to us for forwarding. Remember, some contributors get hundreds of letters, so be patient. If you want unsolicited photos returned, don't send them without a self-addressed, stamped envelope (SASE).

WHAT ABOUT RETURNED CHECKS?

"Hot", "bounced," "bad," or otherwise unpaid checks have become an enormous headache for us. If you overdraw by accident and contact us immediately, we will only charge you the $4 service fee our bank charges us. If, however, we have to take the time to contact you and resolve the matter, you may be billed a service charge of $25.00.

IS THE CUSTOMER ALWAYS RIGHT?

Not all customers are always right. Abusive, harassing or threatening communication will not be tolerated. We reserve the right to refuse the sale of products and services to anyone.

カイロンライジング年間購読方法

中、高年に人気のあるカイロンライジングを確実に貴方のお手元にお届け致します。
年間購読希望の方は下記までお申し込み下さい。

〒

フリガナ
住所 _____

フリガナ
氏名 _____

電
話 _____

摘要： _____

住所、電話番号は秘密厳守いたします。
１年間購読料　¥9,000です。(年間６回)
現金書留、銀行振り込みで下記までお申し込み下さい。

銀行振り込み
振込銀行－富士銀行小岩支店－ C.R（カイロンライジング）
振り込み番号－３７６－１４３７９３５

現金書留
〒１００－９１東京都中央郵便局私書箱１８０号
パスポートジャパン－ C.R カイロンライジング係

尚、郵便物は封書にて送られます。
また、多数の商品（写真集、ガイドブック等）を取り扱っています。
カタログご希望の方は、８０円切手同封の上ご請求ください。

〒100-91 東京都中央郵便局私書箱 180 号
パスポートジャパン－C.R カイロンライジング係

ORDER OF THE SILVER SIMBA

SUFFER ALONE IN SILENCE NO LONGER

If you need bereavement support , the Order can help you if you get in touch with us. If you wish to donate support for a brother suffering through grief, send your name, address, telephone number, and a statement that you would like to offer your time and compassion to a grieving brother in your area. Also state if you:

a) have lost a mate,

b) are losing a mate,

c) are a professional care-giver/counselor willing to volunteer,

d) are just a compassionate soul wanting to help.

Your identity will never be divulged, either by list or referral. You will be contacted only by CR if your help is needed, and you will be supplied a contact.

Write: CR, P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 9239, or call (619) 868-6371.

E-mail: crpi@aol.com

RELEASE FORM FOR PHOTOS

This is to certify that I am the owner of the publication rights to and the model featured in the photography enclosed herein. I assign one-time rights of publication to Chiron Rising Publications, Inc. I further certify that I am at least 18 years of age, having been born on _____, 19 ___. It is understood that all publication rights revert back to me upon publication and that my photography may have to be cropped to suit the needs of publisher.

I hereby waive any compensation in return for the publication rights to subject photography.

I request that the name of _____ be published as the name of the model, in lieu of my real name. The photographer's name should be designated as _____.

The following information should be used in any biographical sketch accompanying my photography:

Age:_____; Height: _____; Weight: _____; Area of Residence: _____

Likes: _____

Looking for: _____

I do _____ do not _____ authorize the use of my photograph on the front cover of CR.

I am currently involved in no _____/ an open _____/ a closed _____ personal relationship.

I certify that I have not signed a release with any other magazine for publication of subject photography within the past year. I further certify that I will not authorize publication of subject photography in any other magazine until same is published in CR. I promise to answer all letters forwarded to me as a result of my photo's publication and fully understand that my photography will be published as space is available and that no timetable is implied or promised.

Signature: _____ Name: _____

Address: _____ City/State/Zip: _____

Date: _____

NOTE: SUBMIT PHOTOGRAPHY AND THIS RELEASE FORM, PROPERLY COMPLETED AND SIGNED TO:

MACRO PHOTOGRAPHY
P.O. BOX 70381
WEST VALLEY CITY, UT 84170-0381

For the Mature Male and his Admirers

ANNOUNCING

THE NATIONAL ROSTER

Find and contact the most compatible friends nearest to you in the least costly and most efficient way.

Members are listed in and receive bi-monthly updates of our roster, with 4-line descriptions of all other members including:

- Geographical location including city & state or country.
- Height, age, build and personality type.
- Sexual & social orientation, visibility & HIV status.
- Personal interests & type of contact sought. (Me...You...)
- Residential & relationship/marital status, & ability to host or travel.

After identifying those descriptions of most interest, they send for a full page profile, filled out by each member. This has more specific additional information, for insight into his character and tastes, and the means of contact.

Annual membership is $36 including 5 bi-monthly updates of new members; profiles are $1 for the first, and 50¢ for each additional. Members with a positive HIV status pay a flat fee of $15, while applications enclosing copy of a check for a *Chiron Rising* subscription can deduct $10 from our fee.

For membership forms and further information, send SASE to:

THE NATIONAL ROSTER
P. O. Box #20975/PACC
New York, NY 10129-0009

Note: We are very selective as to publications where we advertise; and our strictly confidential member lists are never sold or distributed.

The Artwork of James L. Hawkins

Life Drawings of the nude male model made during the past thirty plus years.

SEND FOR FREE BROCHURE

JAMES L. HAWKINS
Post Office Box 64250 Los Angeles, CA 90064
Fax 310-474-9645

Palm Springs **Homes - Condos Investments**

Mike Deveau
REALTOR
(619)323-5000 or (619)327-4104

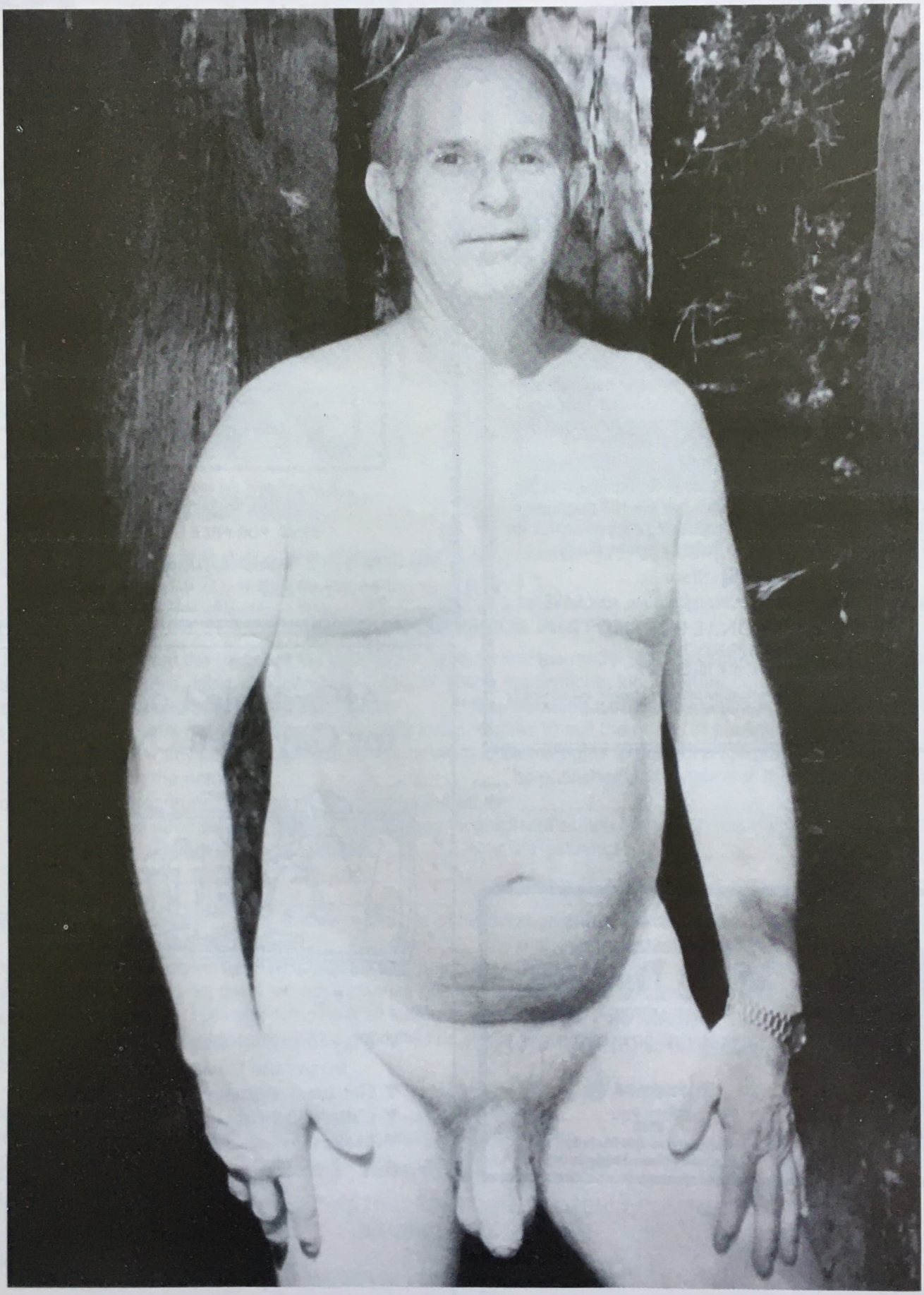
The Prudential
California Realty
MEMBER
Prime Times of the Desert - Mirth & Girth of San Diego
Palm Springs Chamber of Commerce - Palm Springs Lions Club

Affordable Lodging for Gay Men Over 40!

- ▼ Stay in private homes of members across the US & 11 other countries
- ▼ Get local sightseeing information
- ▼ Urban and rural home settings
- ▼ Make new friends

Travel Lambda Connections Club
P.O. Box 396
Louisiana, Missouri 63353
(573) 754-4403

LEO JIM



FUTOSAI

THE CLASSIFIEDS

1. COMMERCIAL RESPONSE TO PERSONAL ADS: The express purpose of our personal ads is to aid our readers in finding friends and mates. Any ads of a commercial nature must be placed in the commercial section. Readers responding to personal ads may not use such opportunity to distribute commercial materials. We reserve the right to deny advertising and forwarding privileges to any person found doing this.

2. PERSONAL ADVERTISER'S RESPONSIBILITY: Personal advertisers are urged to answer all mail received, provided the responder is generally the type of person targeted in the ad. We will deny advertising and forwarding privileges to flagrant, repeat offenders.

3. PUBLISHER'S LIMITATION OF RESPONSIBILITY: We take no responsibility for any undesirable relationship or experience resulting from the use of our classified ads, be they personal or commercial. We will monitor all ads and refuse to publish those which obviously imply fraud or peril. Very unsavory people have been known to use publications to victimize readers and advertisers. Seemingly innocent ads designed to lure as many readers as possible into a criminal scam or government sting operation are sometimes placed in erotic magazines. These people also respond to the ads of others with the same come-on. We urge our readers to use these ads with the utmost caution and common sense.

4. AGE REQUIREMENT: All responders and advertisers must be 18 or over. The exclusion of an age limitation in any ad does not constitute an invitation to minors.

5. OUTDATED ADS: Do not answer ads in older issues. People move and post office boxes change hands. Your letter could end up in the wrong hands. Unforwardable letters will be marked with a "U" and returned to sender.

6. SEXUALLY EXPLICIT ADS: We will not publish ads with sexually explicit or coarse language designed more for shock value than for attracting a partner. We reserve the right to edit, rewrite or reject ads.

7. INSTRUCTIONS FOR ANSWERING CODED ADS, which are those with **BOLD** code names at the end of the ad and no address:

a. Write, stamp and seal your letter inside a discreet envelope. Make sure you have enough postage for overweight and foreign letters. YOUR RETURN ADDRESS MUST BE ON THE LETTER. If you do not have access to U.S. stamps, send $1 or 2 international reply coupons for every 3 letters. Stamped letters not meeting the above requirements will be returned with no explanation. Letters with no stamps affixed will be shredded.

b. **IN PENCIL ONLY**, lightly write the codeword in the center of the envelope.

c. Place your letter(s) inside a larger envelope and mail to CR at P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393.

8. INSTRUCTIONS FOR WRITING MODELS, WRITERS AND OTHER CONTRIBUTORS: Same as #7.

NOTICE - WE WILL <u>NOT</u>:

1. WAIT IN LINE AT THE POST OFFICE FOR LETTERS WITH POSTAGE DUE. SUCH LETTERS WILL NOT BE CLAIMED.

2. FORWARD LARGE QUANTITIES OF MAIL FOR THOSE READERS WHO WRITE ALL NEW MODELS AND ADVERTISERS (AND WHO COULD BE PHOTO COLLECTORS OR MAILING LIST COMPILERS). WE WILL FORWARD FIVE PIECES OF MAIL PER WRITER AT NO CHARGE. FOR EVERY LETTER OVER FIVE, YOU MUST ENCLOSE $1 EACH (6 LETTERS = $1; 10 LETTERS = $5; 12 LETTERS = $7, ETC.). THIS IS *PER WRITER*, NOT *PER ENVELOPE.*

3. FORWARD LETTERS WITHOUT PROPER POSTAGE.

<u>CALIFORNIA-NORTH</u>

(10/96) SAN FRANCISCO/NATIONWIDE: Loving WM, 60, 5'-10", 185#, 9" thick cut. I am in relationship. Looking for dominant men over 55 to spank and love me. Roger: (415) 441-5191, or write: **ROGER II**

(10/96) NATIONAL/INTERNATIONAL: Anyone care to chat AOL? ARICH69@AOL.COM

(10/96) NORTHERN CALIFORNIA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 50, 5'-6", 210#, brown hair, blue eyes, clean-shaven, nonsmoker. Looking for someone to share home in Sierra Foothills. Must like dogs and be willing to help keep house clean, financially stable to pay half of household expenses. A retired person okay but not necessary. Your photo (will return) and phone number will get prompt reply. Write: **COUNTRY SQUIRE**

(6/97) NORTHERN CALIFORNIA: Healthy, active, professional GWM, 68, 5'-10", 185#, romantic and horny, looking for passion and affection with another average-built, mature male. Write: Bill Jones, 324 Larkin St., San Francisco, CA 94102, or call (415) 431-0644.

<u>CALIFORNIA-SOUTH</u>

(2/97) LOS ANGELES/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 63, 5'-11", 250#+, NS, ND, HIV negative, passionate (oral A/P), nurturing, good sense of humor, retired, financially secure. Seeking masculine guy under 40 for friendship and fun. LTR possible. Any race, body type welcome. Write with photo to: George Green, Box 1312, Canyon Country, CA 91386-1312.

(10/96) PALM SPRINGS/NATIONWIDE: WM, 62, 5'-11", 195#, sincere, Greek passive, horny but not hard-up. Seeks new friends, all ages, for fun, travel, visits. Write or call: Alfred, Box 911, Thousand Palms, CA 92276. Tel: (619) 343-1546.

(2/97) BURBANK/SAN FERNANDO VALLEY: Happy and horny, very masculine and versatile GWM seeks assertive man. Size, age, belly, potency not important. You are masculine, HIV negative and you hug passionately. I'm 64, 5'-10", 215#, hairy, very talented and enthusiastic. Write: Paul, Box 6884, Burbank, CA 91510.

(10/96) CALIFORNIA/NORTHWEST: RASCALLY FUN, TENDER-HEARTED BEAR: Fur-bearing, gravitationally endowed, romantic and cheerful-natured bear, pleasant looking, 52, 5'-9", 270#, seeks absolutely monogamous lifetime BEARMATE. Shy or outgoing, 45-55 good. Looks not as important as a twinkle in the eye. Commitment, laughter and positive mental attitude essential. Write: **BEARMATE**

(10/96) YUCAIPA/REDLANDS: GWM, young senior, seeks correspondence with men any age. Interests edge architecture, landscaping, blue collar. Write: **FANTASIES**

(10/96) PALM SPRINGS/NATIONWIDE: Impressive British senior, 5'-8", 165#, green/silver, well-educated and traveled, cosmopolitan, nonsmoker/drugs, assertive, great sense of humor, many hobbies, spiritual, HIV negative. Seek friend, 30 to 50, professionally and personally secure for dating, hopefully leading toward relationship. Aware of 12-step program a plus. Willing to relocate for love. Would you? Picture/phone. Kenneth Morris, 73625 Catalina Way #19, Palm Desert, CA 92260.

(10/96) TUSTIN/NATIONWIDE: SWM, 53, 6 ft., 188#, in-shape, fair, nonsmoker, values life, passionate and possessive in bed. Seeking to bond with a shy, slim, monogamous man who wants a full emotional love life. Write: **BIG HANDS**

(2/97) CALIFORNIA/NATIONWIDE: Feisty, fuzzy, 55 GWM, sincerely searching for the guy with a positive attitude towards friendship, bonding, and a healthy home life. I'm 5'-10", 190#, above average looks, HIV negative, and secure in who I am. Seeking someone 35-49 and "together" enough to be ready for reality and willing to relocate. Please respond with photo to: DS in PS, P.O. Box 5236, Palm Springs, CA 92263.

(12/96) ORANGE COUNTY/NATIONWIDE: Subservient gay male any age over 50+ to live in, service a loving and caring gay male couple, ages 66 and 37. Must enjoy all aspects of anal (top and bottom) and oral sex. Must understand, approve and get off on servitude. Hearing impaired or knowledge of signing or willingness to learn is a plus, as is gray hair and a beard and mustache. In return for such servitude you will receive love and respect as belonging to, membership, benefits and participation in, the family. HIV negative a MUST, as is total dedication to the family and have NO other relationships. This is a closed family situation. Write: **TUFLUV DAD/ SONLUV DAD**

(12/96) SAN DIEGO/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 55, 5'-8", 160#, auburn with white in front. Seeks 35-65. Interests are: arts, architecture, history, horticulture, politics, music, sports, traveling, yachting, good movies, and my two children. Good looking, well-endowed and romantic. I've taken care of lovers; now I want to be taken care of. Write: **TEXAS**

(10/96) LONG BEACH/SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA: Young 62 seeks good man (Hispanic a plus) to love, to be loved. Age flexible, but prefer 50+. Am 6'-1", 185#, trim, in-shape, healthy, HIV negative. Have short, thin, brown hair with much gray. No smoke or drugs, moderate drinker. Gentle, sensitive, romantic, secure, honest, open, liberal. Photo, please. Will return. Write: **STAN**

(10/96) SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA: Southern California residents only. Me: 57, inshape, gym lifestyle, orally fixated, big reader, shaved body, kind, romantic, high energy, well-traveled, cosmopolitan, intelligent, not domestic, urban lifestyle. You: somewhat, but not exactly, similar. Let's meet, talk, maybe even kiss. Martin, Box 7304, Suite 320, North Hollywood, CA 91603.

(2/97) PALM SPRINGS/NATION/WORLD: GWM, 67, 5'-10", 165#, 7"u, HIV negative, single, NS/ND, versatile, warm, affectionate, loving, bald, classical music lover, traveler, nudist, seeks LTR. Write with photo to Ken, 65 Corona Drive, Palm Springs, CA 92264-6407.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

(2/97) WASHINGTON, D.C./NATIONWIDE: GBM, 42, 6'-1", 205#, moustache, loves cuddly safe play and feet/footwear. Seeks 30-70 for friendships/intimate times. Enjoy books, movies, theater, travel. Race/physique unimportant. Write: E.S., P.O. Box 25012, Washington, DC 20007-8012.

CONNECTICUT

(10/96) GRIZZLY WANTED: Are you big, burly and furry? GWM, 52, 6'-2", 173#, Bearded bear lover is looking for you! Write: Jan, P.O. Box 851, Danbury, CT 06813, or call: (203) 794-0868.

FLORIDA

(12/96) MARCO: GWM, 62, 6'-4", 200#, masculine, hairy, retired, HIV negative, seeks 60-70 for a long-term relationship. Must like travel, beach, theater, fun in bed. Write: **DOVE**

(12/96) SARASOTA/NATIONAL: I have put this ad in CR before and have met some wonderful people, but not the right one. Perhaps you are he if you are a young GWM and wish for companionship from an older man, 63. You will receive from this relationship honesty, faithfulness, sincerity and unconditional love. I hope to receive the same from you. I would love to do in life what you wish to do, either socialize or remain home; but most important of all, I would love to be with you and support you with your future vocational plans as I know you would if I were in your place. Write soon and send your picture. **ALPHA**

(8/97) NATIONWIDE: GWM, 64, 5'-8", 142#, chest 39", waist 32", bottom, trim, smooth swimmer's body, entirely clean-shaven head to toe, dancer, singer, educated, affectionate, hot, seeks control and discipline from a TOP willing to relocate. HIV negative. Write: Pierre Monet, P.O. Box 8543, Jupiter, FL 33468.

(2/97) FT. LAUDERDALE/NATIONWIDE: Silver fox, 66, 5'-10", 200#, white moustache and sides, monogamous, honest, loving, caring, sincere, great sense of humor, seeking young (age 19 to 39), slender lifemate. Photo appreciated. Write Don, P.O. Box 11313, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33339.

GEORGIA

(10/96) GEORGIA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 43, 5'-6", 185#, brown/brown, balding, clean-shaven, some body hair, seeks older GWM hirsute totally front and back. For companionship only. Write: LCS, P.O. Box 144, Lilburn, GA 30226-0144.

(2/97) ATLANTA/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 64, 6'-3", 205#, retired university professor, CR model, bald, S/P 'stache, hairy body, firm bubble-butt, single, seeks GWM, 30-50, emotionally secure, no s/d, fun-loving, masculine, in-shape guy for companionship and possible relationship. Write: Dixie Dick, 1791 Slopewood Bend, Marietta, GA 30062. Phone (770) 977-8270. Fax: (770) 977-8233.

HAWAII

(10/96) HAWAII/SOUTHERN U.S.: GWM, 62, 5'-11", 190#, HIV negative, roots in mid-south, retired educator, grey/brown hair, sincere, caring, spiritual, affectionate, social drinker. Enjoy: Humor, easy listening music, flower gardening, country living, travel, cooking, and more. Desire: 40-65 best friend/lover "for the long haul." Write (enclose returnable photo) to: **ALOHA**

ILLINOIS

(12/96) ILLINOIS: Mid-50s, WM, 5'-6", 170#, seeks similar for companionship, conversation and commingling. Interests are mostly agrarian. Would also like to find someone who is free to travel to a few good trout streams. Western Chicago suburbs to north/central Illinois. Write: **PALMER**

INDIANA

(12/96) INDIANA: GWM, middle 40s, 6'-2", 220#, nice looking, athletic appearance. Like athletic events, cars and music. Looking for older white men, 60s to 90s. Prefer average to slender build. White hair and uncut a plus. Your picture gets mine. D.S., 1725 S. Clark, Muncie, IN 47302.

KENTUCKY

(2/97) LOUISVILLE/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 31, 5'-9", 144#, brown hair, blue eyes, semi-hairy, 6-1/4" cut, enjoys flowers, trees, hiking, 4WD, fleamarkets. Naturist, naturalist, sun king. Seeks WM, 50+, couples, married, clergy welcome. Please, no extremely heavy, masculine only. Write: M. Lawson, P.O. Box 324, Shepherdsville, KY 40165, or call (502) 543-8598. VERY DISCREET.

MASSACHUSETTS

(10/96) Join BOSTON BILL for a New England Thanksgiving. Guest limit: Dinner - 9; Overnight - 5. Write: **BOSTON BILL**

MICHIGAN

(2/97) NATIONWIDE: GWM, 49, slender, nonsmoker, honest, down-to-earth, creative, sense of humor, playful, romantic. Sexual history: safe. Like classical music, theater, hiking, biking, camping, canoeing, fun wrestling, mutual J/O. Seek

slender, younger guy for friendship, monogamous relationship. D.H., Box 5011, N. Muskegon, MI 49445.

MISSISSIPPI

(10/96) BILOXI: GWM, 70, 6'-2", 170#, gray hair, brown eyes, seeks any age for friendship and more. Enjoy bingo, walking, reading, dancing, old movies on TV, and traveling. Especially like clergy and professionals. All replies answered. Am retired professor, church worker, Christian. J.W., P.O. Box 4056, Biloxi, MS 39535.

(10/96) COME LIVE WITH ME while waiting for Social Security. Pay only for food. Me: 69, 5'-9", 162#, brown crewcut, blue eyes, uncut. You: 45-62, 160-240, uncut, cuddler, better than average looks. Photo and phone exchange. Tom Horner, 212 Ballentine, Bay St. Louis, MS 39520.

MISSOURI

(4/97) ST. LOUIS: 51 year old submissive white male, clean, HIV negative, and expect same, seeking dominant male, any race, 70+ for oral pleasures. Revealing photo and phone appreciated. T.P., P.O. Box 410118, St. Louis, MO 63141.

NEVADA

(12/96) RENO/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 60ish, seeks friends/penpals. Likes offbeat travel, old films, architecture, cats. Rick: (702) 329-2474.

NEW JERSEY

(10/96) INTELLIGENT, LOYAL FRIEND: sincere, caring and affectionate. BiWM, 67, 5'-11", 165#; interests include cultural, scientific, spiritual, sexual. Me: Dignified, balding, fit, HIV negative. You: Mature (any age), enjoy intimacy, communication, control. Ken (201) 592-6690, 6-11:30 pm or weekends. Will return all calls.

NEW MEXICO

(12/96) NEW MEXICO/NATIONWIDE: Amorous, bodacious, caring, diverse, earthy, friendly, gay, huggable, imaginative, joyful, kissable, loving, mischievous, naughty, open, passionate, questing, reflective, shy, tangible, unbowed, vital, willing, xenophile, yearning, zealot. Looking for loving live-in lover, age 35 to 65, unafraid of honesty, intimacy, and sex, any color or race, looking to grow in a loving, long-term relationship. I am 69, 6 ft., dark blond/blue, glasses, 220#, HIV negative, clean and sober, energetic, and as described above. My interests are varied. I read, watch some TV and like: movies, music, dining and games with friends both at home and out, affection, and a lazy Sunday breakfast with the man in my life. I do smoke (cigarettes, that is), but I hope with someone's hand to hold, I would give up holding a cigarette. I have just retired from a wide variety of careers that went from bartending, theater/interior design, to substance abuse counseling. I have love, humor, honesty, truth, and commitment to give as a dowry. What about you? Please reply with phone # to Frank, Box 8201, Albuquerque, NM 87198.

NEW YORK

(4/97) NATIONWIDE - OVER 65? Masculine GWM, 45, tall, trim, hairy, warm, caring, romantic, loyal, non-promiscuous, nonsmoker, health-conscious, crazy about older men, seeks unattached, affectionate and dignified gentleman over 65 for passionate, monogamous relationship of a lifetime. Let me service you, love you, worship you. Let us enter our own new world. You and me together. Any area. Please send detailed letter and photo. Steve Collingwood, Box 246, 208 E. 51st St., New York, NY 10022.

(10/96) NEW YORK/WESTCHESTER: GWM, 34, 5'-10", 178#, good-looking, humorous, honest, well-educated, professional European moving to NYC in August. Seeks older man, 50-65, preferably white hair, stocky and shorter, for relationship. I love cooking, traveling, tennis, reading, research, and social outing, sun. Your photo gets mine. Write: Spain, FDR Station, P.O. Box 1064, New York, NY 10150.

(10/96) NEW YORK CITY: GWM, 66, 5'-8", 175#, salt & pepper hair, clean-shaven, HIV negative, seeks GWM, 30-50, who can appreciate an older male for his life experience, not as a Daddy. Interests: theater, travel, movies, nude photography, romance, massage. Am outgoing, warm, a good listener/conversationalist, and seek similar for friendship/relationship. Write and send photo to Murray Kaufman, 243 West End Avenue, New York, NY 10023.

(12/96) MID-HUDSON VALLEY NY/NATIONAL/INTERNATIONAL: GWM, 45, 5'-7", 175#, brown/hazel, moustache, strong stocky build, licensed massage therapist, natural bottom seeking men 50+ for new friendships and more. Relocation possible for LTR. Enjoy massage, golf, nude sunbathing and auctions. Willing to travel (limited) and host visitors to Catskill Mt. NY area. Write Wolfshadow, P.O. Box 295, Bearsville, NY 12409.

(2/97) GARDEN CITY/NEW YORK: Blond, blue, 42, 197#, well built, 6 ft., sportsman type, professional, into tenderness, seeks 60+, mature RAM type, bulky, masculine, manly. Inquire: G.C., 734 Franklyn Ave., P.O. Box 106, Garden City, NY 11530.

(10/96) NEW YORK CITY/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 65, 5'-11", 155#. This isn't the typical ad. Don't want to even suggest that I'm perfect, because I'm not, and you don't have to be either. Only be a younger, attractive, trim, masculine GWM, who is warm, sincere, honest and caring. (It's beginning to sound like a typical ad.) Must be HIV negative, drug-free, only an occasional drinker, and sincerely interested in a beautiful monogamous relationship. Let's find out all about each other through letters and photos. We may be pleased at what we discover. You may find my background as a performer interesting. Speaking of performing, I still can!! Write: **STILL PERFORMING**

NORTH CAROLINA

(10/96) WINSTON-SALEM AREA/WILL TRAVEL: Straight WM, 67, 5'-8", 156#, trim, neat, French passive. Prefer GWM, any age, that likes older men. Call George, (800) 307-4665.

(10/96) CUB SEEKING LIFEMATE: Me: 32, 5'-9", 240#, strong, husky, hairy, blond/blue, moustache, masculine, versatile, E.M.S. professional, honest, intelligent, sense of humor. Living in Michigan, but would like to relocate south. You: older, husky, hairy, but I'm open for surprises. Letter with photo to: Jerry, P.O. Box 2067, Bay City, MI 48707.

PENNSYLVANIA

(2/97) HAIRY-CHESTED WRITER IN BUCKS COUNTY: GWM, 62, 5'-11", 187#, HIV negative, in good shape, handsome, seeks younger bear for mental and erotic stimulation. Send photo to Bill Carr, Box 203, Plumsteadville, PA 18949.

SOUTH CAROLINA

(10/96) ANDERSON: OLDER/YOUNGER MAN: Me: GWM, 52, 6 ft., 275# bear, salt & pepper hair, beard, hairy, loving, paternal, commitment-ready, relationship-oriented. You: 30-40, hairy, mate-minded, independent, intelligent, considerate, loving. My interests: travel, outdoors, writing, quiet evenings, cuddling, showers together. Erik, P.O. Box 47, Anderson, SC 29622.

(10/96) COLUMBIA: GWM, 65, 5'-9", 190#, blue eyes, graying hair, seeks mature males for friendship and sex. Well educated and widely traveled. Write: Doug, Box 1901, Columbia, SC 29202. Or use Email: hall4103@sprynet.com

TENNESSEE

(10/96) NATIONWIDE/TENNESSEE: Masculine, intergenerational, healthy white couple: (H) 51, 5'-6", 160#, 6" cut, semi-hairy, and (J) 25, 5'-9", 145#, 7" uncut, smooth, in search of intergenerational WM couples/singles, 21+, healthy, not extremely overweight, for hot safe meetings, friendships, exchanging photos and/or videos and correspondence. Write with nude photo(s) to: H & J, P.O. Box 90385, Nashville, TN 37209-0385.

TEXAS

(10/96) TEXAS/NATIONWIDE/INTERNATIONAL: GWM, 65, 6'-1", 220#, blue/bald (S & P), retired professional, seeks monogamous GWM to love. Non-smoker/drugger, light drinker. Healthy lifestyle. Divorced, no emotional baggage/children/relatives. Values: honesty, integrity, directness, kindness, generosity, creativeness, humor, intellect. Interests: reading, music, politics, investments, arts, antiques, sports, theatre, nature, domesticity, adventure, cooking (Southern, French). Native Texan. Widely traveled: 6 years in major European cities/countries, 9 years on East Coast. Eventual relocation in South and/or Europe (part-time). Ectomorphic body type, versatile (A & P), accomplished (middle-Eastern arts), active, thick, HIV negative. Financially independent, hoping for same or soon to be. Please respond to HOWDY TEX, P.O. Box 720422, Dallas, TX 75372-0422.

(12/96) TEXAS: Mid-50s, married, 5'-10", 158#, 7" cut, Fr A/P, Gr A/P, looking for occasional sex sessions with married, divorced, widowed, or masculine gay men of similar size, age and interests. Live in Houston, travel Austin, San Antonio and Central Texas. Prefer hairy, cut, well-endowed. Send letter, nude photo and phone number to: C.M., 5757 Westheimer, Box 3-360, Houston, TX 77057.

UTAH

(10/96) WESTERN STATES/NATIONWIDE: 55, 6 ft., 190#, great shape, athletic, into weights, masculine, hairy chest, friendly, professional, wide interests, HIV negative, French A/P, affectionate, cuddly, etc. Seeks GWM masculine, hairy, HIV negative, safe, nice guy, average to large equipment, non-kinky. Age and looks not important. Sincerity and honesty are. Pluses are stocky (not too fat), facial hair, bald, extra hairy, into erotic massage, etc., happy and well adjusted. Write Dan Mack, P.O. Box 863, Salt Lake City, UT 84110.

WASHINGTON

(12/96) WASHINGTON: Two chubby gay white males seek friends. Walter is 65, 5'-10", 245#, 6-1/2" cut. George is 56, 5'-10", 320#, big belly, big titties, 5" cut. Both into safe oral sex. We are both HIV negative. We own a 100 year old four square Victorian home in Montesano, WA. Please come visit our home. We enjoy nudism and 3- and 4-ways. Write to George/Walter, 130 North Main St., Montesano, WA 98563, or call (360) 249-6939.

(2/97) WEST COAST/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 48, 5'-10", 183#, hairy, moustached, HIV negative, cut, happily versatile, decently equipped. White collar, travel West Coast extensively. Enjoy sports, hiking, music, cultural and current events, passionate interaction. Seeking nonsmoking solid citizen, adventurous spirit, 40-60, stocky/fit (balding/moustached are plusses), for friendship and more. Letter with photo to Stewart, P.O. Box 4588, Seattle, WA 98104-0588.

INTERNATIONAL

(NOTE: Letters to coded advertisers will be returned to sender if postage is insufficient.)

(4/97) ITALY: I am 25, virile, lovely, sensual. I love nudism and I seek mature men, 45-80, for friendship, exchanging correspondence, phone talk and, if possible, a visit. Letter with photo and/or phone appreciated. Will answer all. Write: **FERRARI**

(10/96) CANADA AND USA: GWM, retired, 6'-0", good body, hung, uncut, attractive, hairy, well-proportioned body. Sensual, caring, sincere, secure. Likes closeness and touching. Many interests, including some sports. Seeks an in-shape, masculine who is likewise healthy, kind, honest, for a monogamous relationship. Sixty or under preferred. No smoke, drugs, but light drinker is okay. Would enjoy a warmer climate. Your photo (will return) appreciated. Will respond promptly. **NORTHERN BLUE JAY**

(12/96) CANADA AND U.S.: GM, lawyer, Chinese, 32, 5'-4", stocky, cultured, refined, well-travelled, seeks accomplished, caring gentleman, 55+, for friendship leading to commitment. Future relocation possible. Write: **QC**

(10/96) BRAZIL: WM, 43, 170#, 5'-6", single, bald, hairy, moustached, brown eyes and hair, desires to correspond with and meet an interesting, polite and sexy man, over 50, not effeminate. Got my BS degree in Business Administration 15 years ago in the U.S. Have some wonderful, loving memories. Write: **GOIAS**

[IMPORTANT NOTE: Send unsolicited photos at your own risk. If you have sent solicited photos to a model or advertiser and they are reluctant to return same, write them again and copy us. Notice to models and advertisers: we will not tolerate failure to return solicited photos when asked to do so. Responders: please make sure you fit an advertiser's guidelines before writing. The advertiser is under no obligation to answer responders who are not the type asked for.]

COMMERCIAL ADVERTISING

BED AND BREAKFAST

THE HOUSE OF A THOUSAND FLOWERS: An enchanted, secluded bed and breakfast resort perched atop a mountain called "Magic" in the midst of an ancient redwood forest. Guests are pampered with elegantly appointed rooms, gourmet breakfasts, a spa, breathtaking view of the Russian River, and the wafting fragrance of thousands of flowers. Located north of San Francisco near the coast and west of Santa Rosa. Special rates for C-Risers: $72 per room per night, or $36 per person, double occupancy. Includes full breakfast. Come stay with PAPA and BABY BEAR. For more information, write: HOUSE OF A THOUSAND FLOWERS, P.O. Box 369, Monte Rio, CA 95462, or call (707) 632-5571.

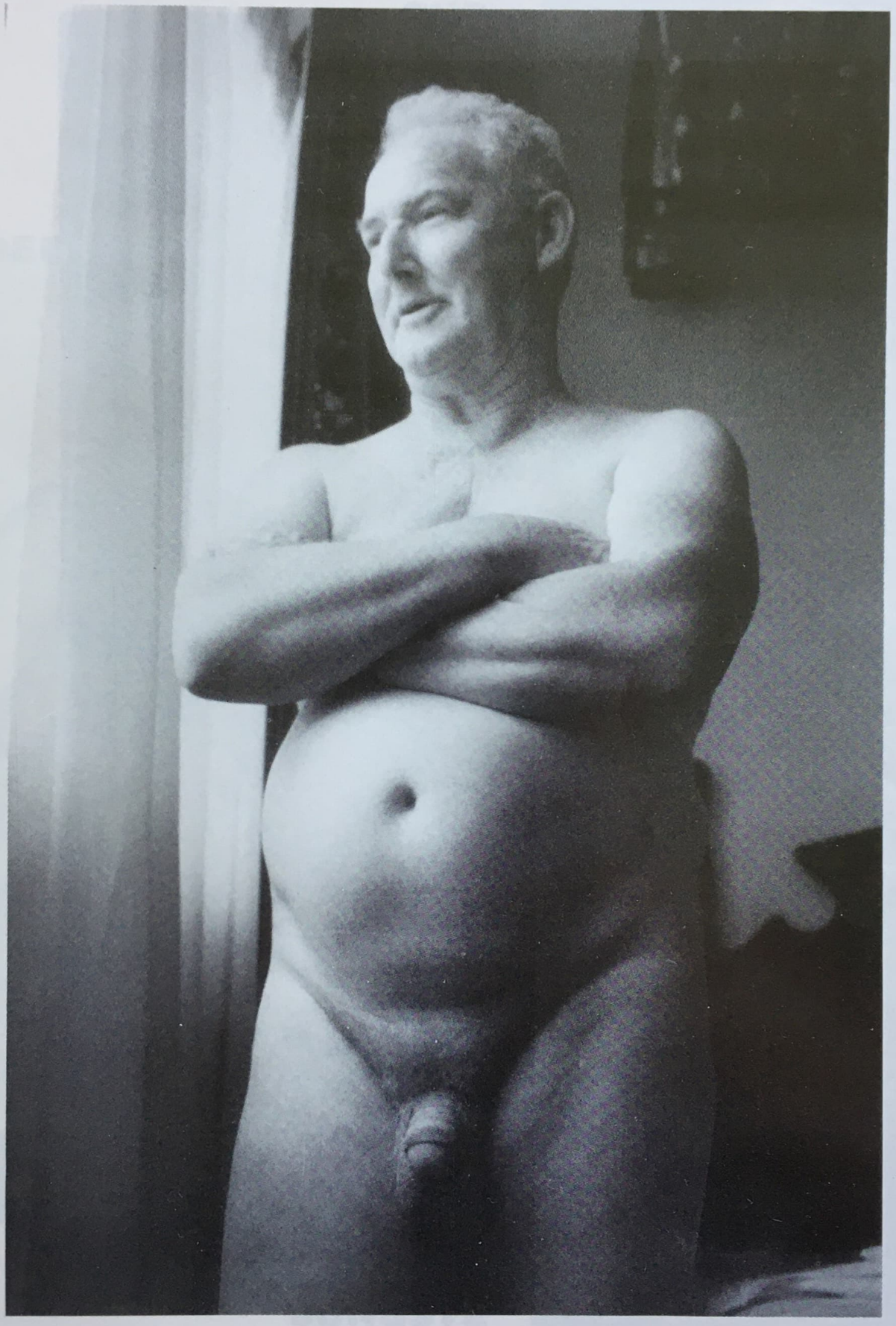
MASSAGE

A DECIDEDLY SUPERIOR MASSAGE, near L.A. Airport, by a senior with over 50 years experience. Relaxing. Nude. Erotic. Fantastic. Call Gene at (310) 978-0669.

ROGER'S PLACE

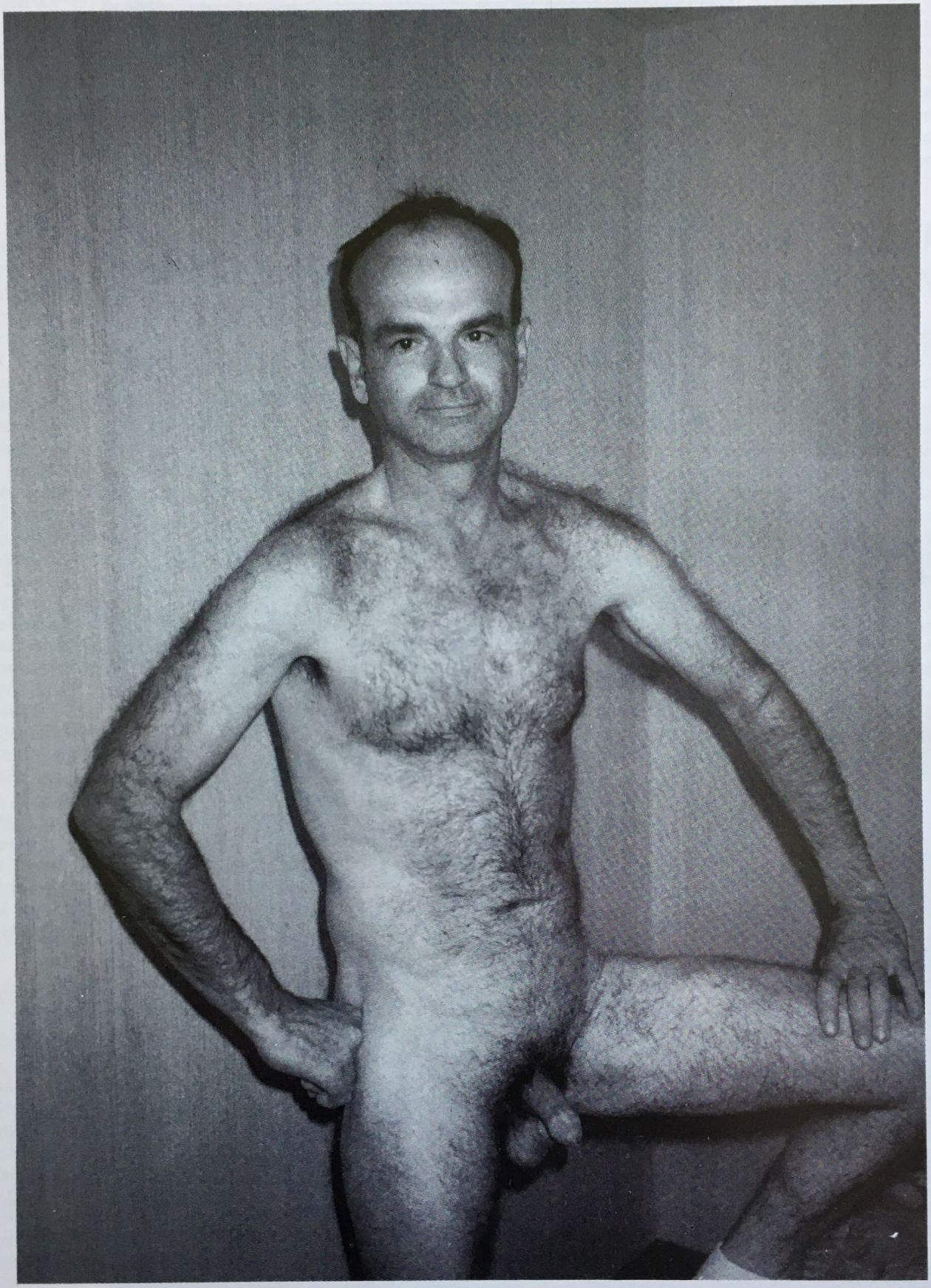
A COZY BED & BREAKFAST IN SAN FRANCISCO
$45/NIGHT - (415) 441-5191
$10 OFF TO ALL CR READERS
FULL BREAKFAST
KING SIZE BED
10 YEARS IN BUSINESS ON PRESTIGIOUS NOB HILL, WHERE FANTASIES COME ALIVE!

ERNIE BABY



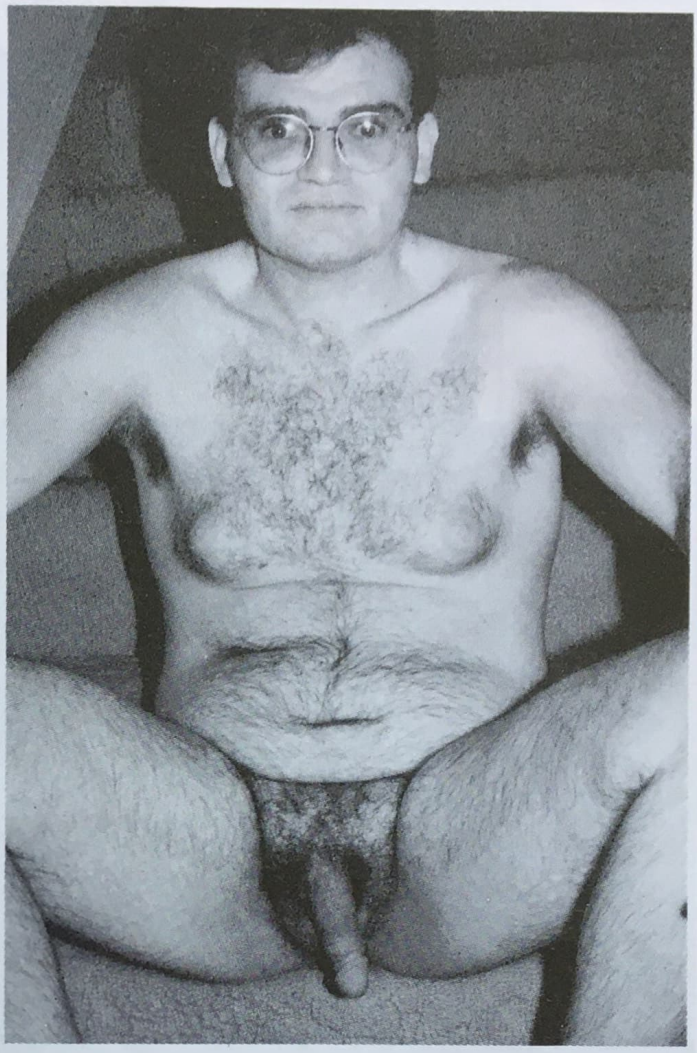
JOEL

FUZZY 1

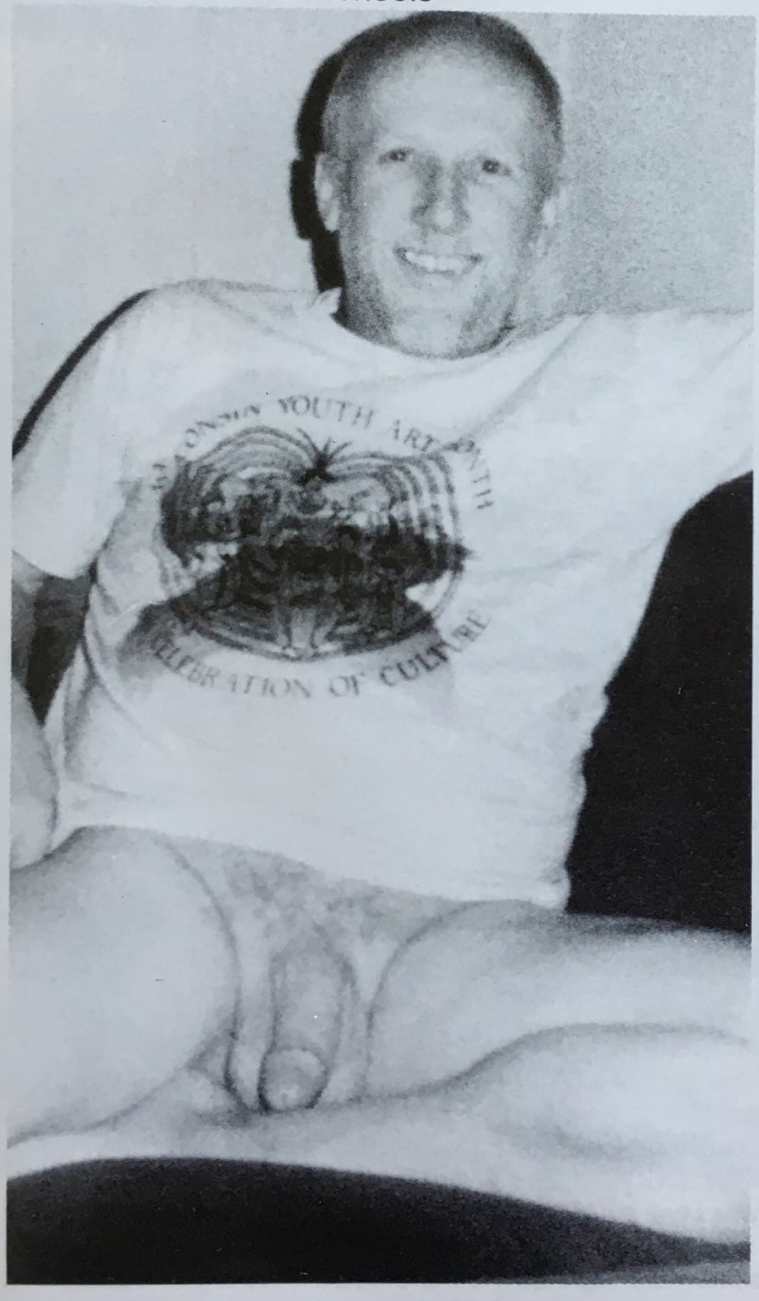


DEWEY

MISSISSIPPI CUB
Harry

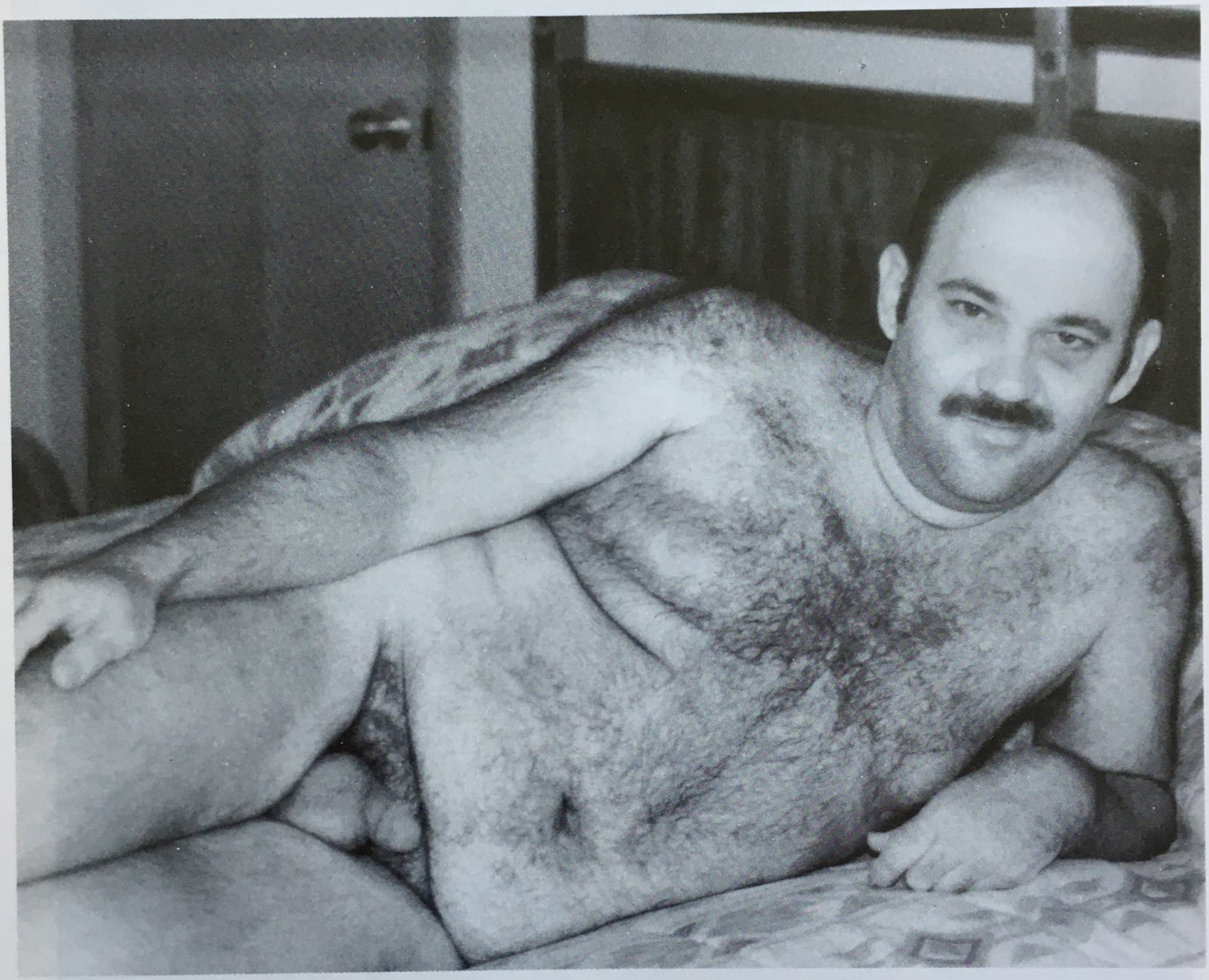


REIK Hot Wheels



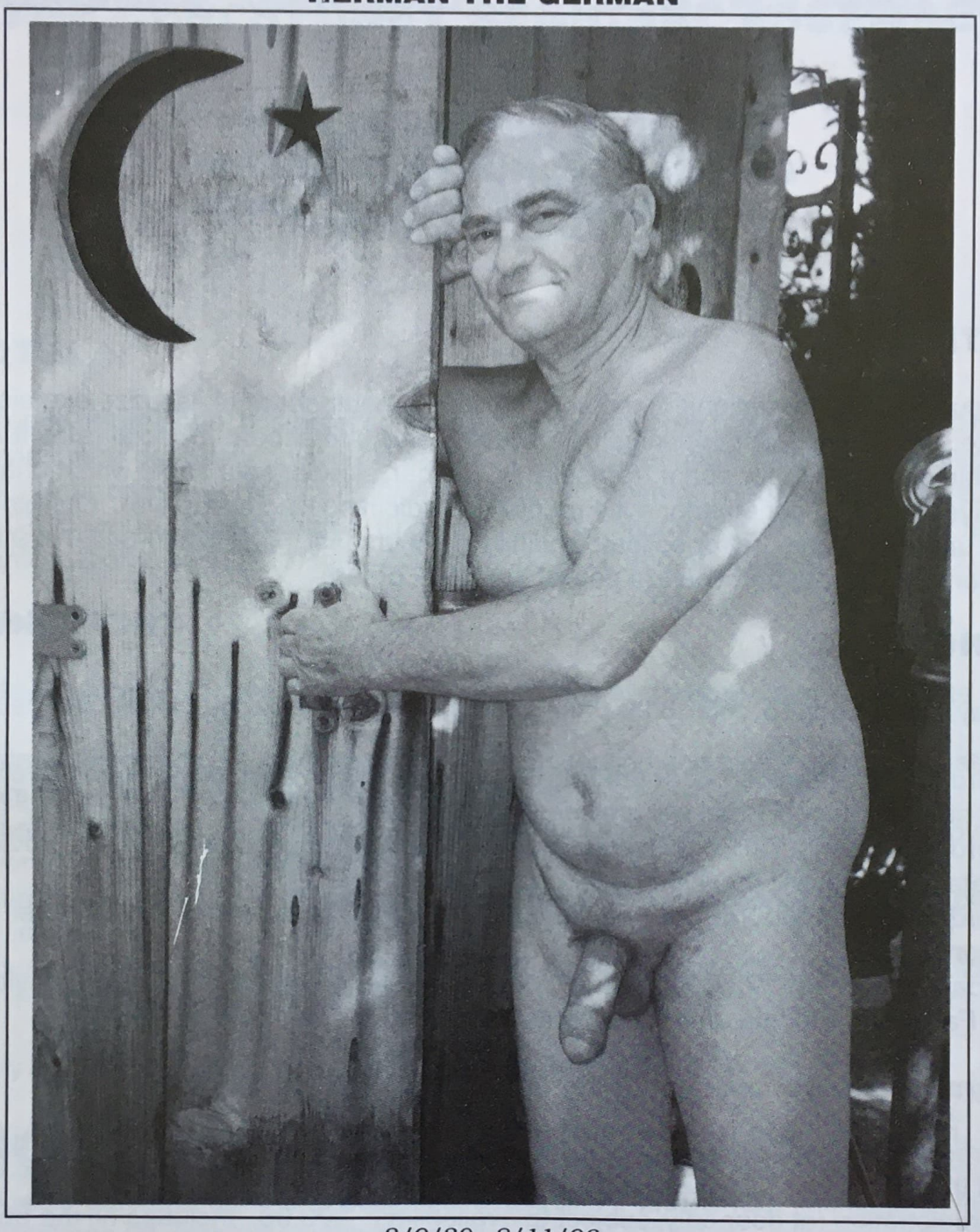
JAN DE JONGSTE
Van Heerdie

DESERT BEAR



FRAN O'LEARY

HERMAN THE GERMAN



3/9/30 - 8/11/96

We bid farewell to one of our most popular models, HERMAN THE GERMAN. His real name was Emmett Dietz, and he lived with his partner ZEEK in Canoga Park, California, which is near the epicenter of the Northridge Quake.

Emmitt was first introduced to us back in 1993 by photographer RICHIE II, and it was Richie who talked Emmitt into coming out to the compound to do some video footage for Swan. That turned out to be the beginning of a very enjoyable and profitable relationship for both Emmitt and Swan. Of course, CR benefitted too, because our readers just couldn't get enough of HERMAN THE GERMAN.

Bruce and I saw Emmitt and Zeke on their way to and from Tacopa Hot Springs, and we had a chance to talk. It was obvious to us that Emmitt wasn't in good health, but, he didn't seem to be concerned.

It wasn't until after the San Diego Gathering that he finally saw a doctor, but it was much too late. His cancer had metastasized, and the end came quickly on Sunday, August 11, 1996.

How do you say good-bye to a legend? As a takeoff on Strauss' *Capriccio*, I once sang the following to him. Maybe it's fitting now:

O,Herman, die grosse Seele, starken Geist, leidenschaftlichen Mann, mit den schönen Augen.

(great of soul, strong of spirit, man of passion with beautiful eyes.)

Auf Wiedersehen, Emmitt.

THE CRPI CHARLOTTE REGIONAL ASSEMBLY

HOLIDAY INN WOODLAWN
CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA
NOVEMBER 16 AND 17, 1996

THE HOTEL

425 guest accommodations, 2 restaurants, lounge, outdoor pool, jacuzzi, exercise room, full room service, bell service, valet parking, free shuttle service to airport. Special rates for our group: $65 for double or king; $75 for parlor (refrigerator, wet bar, sleeper sofa, table with 4 chairs); $84 for king executive; and $159 for a parlor suite (parlor and adjoining king executive). Our block of rooms will be held until November 1st or sellout, whichever occurs first. Call 1-800-847-7829 for reservations. Remember to state that you are part of the CRPI group.

THE FUNCTIONS

Friday, November 15, after 8:00 pm: Brief greetings and badge claim, CRPI suite. No refreshments.

Saturday, November 16, 4:30 pm to 6:30 pm: Reception and badge claim/purchase. CRPI will provide hors d'oeuvres; hotel will provide cash bars.

Saturday, November 16, 6:30 to 8:00 pm: Banquet with speakers. CRPI will provide food and dinner beverage. Hotel will provide cordial bar.

Saturday, November 16, 8:00 pm to 12:00 midnight: Hospitality area. Hotel will provide beverage concession.

Sunday, November 17, 9:00 am to 10:30 am: Buffet breakfast. CRPI will provide food and beverage. Farewells and late announcements.

FEES (Pay the hotel for your room. Pay CRPI for the functions.)

Full registration (advance purchase only, post dated no later than October 31, 1996): $60.00. Includes all the above.

Full registration (at door only, subject to availability): $70.00. Includes all the above.

"B" Package (at door only, subject to availability): $30.00. Includes all the above except for the banquet and breakfast.

SEND PAYMENT IN CHECK OR MONEY ORDER TO
CHIRON RISING PUBLICATIONS, INC.
P.O. BOX 2589
VICTORVILLE, CA 92393.

FOR ASSISTANCE, CALL OR FAX (619) 868-6371, OR EMAIL: **crpi@aol.com**

THE CRPI SYDNEY REGIONAL ASSEMBLY

HYATT REGENCY HOTEL
SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA
FEBRUARY 22-23, 1997

THE HOTEL

Recently refurbished, this hotel at the edge of the gay area now has a standard of accommodation, service, and banqueting which is excellent. The hotel offers CRPI guests a special rate of AUD$ 155.00 per room per night, single/twin/double occupancy. Remember to state that you are part of the CRPI group. Reservations: (02) 356-1234, by phone or (02) 358-3881 by fax. From the U.S., add international code (011), plus country code (61), and drop the "0" from "02."

THE FUNCTIONS

Friday, February 21, after 8:00 pm: Brief greetings and badge claim, CRPI suite. No refreshments.

Saturday, February 22, 4:30 pm to 6:30 pm: Reception and badge claim/purchase. CRPI will provide hors d'oeuvres; hotel will provide cash bars.

Saturday, February 22, 6:30 to 8:00 pm: Banquet with speakers. CRPI will provide food and dinner beverage. Hotel will provide cordial bar.

Saturday, February 22, 8:00 pm to 12:00 midnight: Hospitality area. Hotel will provide beverage concession.

Sunday, February 23, 9:00 am to 10:30 am: Buffet breakfast. CRPI will provide food and beverage. Farewells and late announcements.

FEES (Pay the hotel for your room. Pay CRPI for the functions.)

Full registration (advance purchase only, post dated no later than October 31, 1996): US$ 75.00 (U.S.$85.00, postdated no later than 12/31/96). Includes all the above.

Full registration (at door only, subject to availability): AUD$ 125. Includes all the above.

"B" Package (at door only, subject to availability): AUD$ 60.00. Includes all the above except for the banquet and breakfast.

SEND PAYMENT IN CHECK OR MONEY ORDER TO
CHIRON RISING PUBLICATIONS, INC.
P.O. BOX 2589
VICTORVILLE, CA 92393.

FOR ASSISTANCE, CALL OR FAX (619) 868-6371, OR EMAIL: **crpi@aol.com**

Wire transfer instructions: Wire to Chiron Rising Publications, Inc. Routing Number 122000247, Account Number 0344-690615, Wells Fargo Bank, 14554 - 7th St., Victorville, CA 92392

THE 7TH ANNUAL SPRING GATHERING
MAY 23-26, 1997
RADISSON TWIN TOWERS, ORLANDO, FLORIDA

THE HOST HOTEL & RATES

Radisson Twin Towers Orlando
5780 Major Blvd.
Orlando, FL 32819
Site of Gathering Three in 1993
and Gathering Five in 1995.

Hotel reservations are the responsibility of attendees and may be made by calling 1-(800) 327-2110 (Foreign: 407-351-1000) and identifying yourself as being with the Chiron Rising Gathering group. Reservations must be guaranteed. Rates are as follows:

Single (one person) Room: $99
Double (two persons) Room: $99
Triple (three people) Room: $109
Quad (four people) Room: $119
One Bedroom King Suite: $250
One Bedroom Executive Suite: $350
Two Bedroom Executive Suite: $450
Penthouse: $550

(Note: rates are good for three days prior and/or three days after convention dates. Rates are noncommissionable)

Only 15 minutes west of Orlando International Airport and an equal distance from Walt Disney World, the Twin Towers is located at the entrance to Universal Studios. All major attractions in the Central Florida area are within 30 minutes, and both Florida coasts are within a ninety-minute drive.

THE CR EVENTS

Friday: Badge pickup, merchandise sales, art exhibit, reception, dinner show, hospitality, late entertainment, DJ dancing in the poolside nightclub (for private CRPI use for the duration of the gathering).

Saturday: Workshops, recitals, art exhibit, reception, dinner show, hospitality, late entertainment, D.J. dancing.

Sunday: Workshops, recitals, art exhibit, reception, Mr. Simbadaddy Contest/Banquet, hospitality, late entertainment, D.J. dancing.

Monday: Farewell Breakfast

THE NO-HOST EVENTS

All cocktail parties and some hospitality venues will utilize cash bars, which means that attendees must pay for their own beverages (except for hospitality room coffee and beverages served with meals). We feel it is unfair to include the high cost of alcoholic beverages in the package price when so many attendees abstain from alcohol. The money is much better spent for food and entertainment. CR will provide limited snacks during cocktail parties and receptions.

CONVENTION REGISTRATION FEES

Advance Registration/Sales

The "A" Package, including all events: $180 per person; $200 after 12/31/96)

The "B" Package, including all events except Friday night dinner show, Saturday night dinner show, Sunday night banquet, and Monday morning breakfast: $ 80 per person; $85 after 12/31/96.

"B" Package Add-ons
B1: Friday Dinner Show - $35
B2: Saturday Dinner Show - $40
B3: Sunday Banquet - $35
B4: Monday breakfast - $15

Note: No advance registration sales will be made after 4/30/97. All registrations received with a postmark after that date will be returned.

Per-Meal Event Tickets
and Day Passes

A limited number of per-meal event tickets and day passes will be available for sale on May 23rd and 24th ONLY at the CR sales office inside the hotel. These may not be purchased in advance. Call the week before the gathering to check on availability of meal functions.

The Friday Pass, including all Friday events except the dinner show. Good from 1:00 pm through midnight. $20 per person

The Saturday Pass, including all Saturday events except the dinner show. Good from 10:00 am through midnight. $25 per person

The Sunday Pass, including all Sunday events except the banquet. Good from 10:00 am through midnight. $25 per person

Meal Passes - (subject to availability)

Friday Dinner Show - $40
Saturday Dinner Show - $45
Sunday Banquet - $40
Monday breakfast - $20

Cancellations made before 4/30/97 will be subject to a cancellation charge of $20. No refunds will be available after 4/30/97. For cancellations due to illness or death in the immediate family, however, full refunds may be obtained with a statement from your M.D. or a copy of a death certificate.

No cancellation fee will be assessed if customer applies entire registration amount to his subscription renewal or the purchase of additional CR merchandise.

All fans of *Chiron Rising* Magazine and their friends are invited.

Registration must be made using the proper form, which is located on next page. Those attendees purchasing day passes and meal tickets will also be required to complete and sign a registration form.

CHIRON RISING PUBLICATIONS, INC.
CRPI EVENTS DIVISION
STANDARD REGISTRATION FORM AND DELEGATE AGREEMENT

(NOTE: ONE FORM PER DELEGATE, PLEASE)

NAME _____ **CONVENTION** _____
(please print legibly)
ADDRESS _____ **PACKAGE SELECTED** _____

CITY/STATE/ZIP _____ **AMOUNT ENCLOSED $**_____

COUNTRY/PROVINCE _____ **I WILL** _____/ **WILL NOT** _____ **BE STAYING AT THE HOST HOTEL**

BADGE FIRST NAME _____

I WILL BE ROOMING WITH

MODEL NAME _____ _____

STANDARD DELEGATE AGREEMENT

1. AGREEMENT: This agreement is entered into between Chiron Rising Publications, Inc. and the above named delegate, hereinafter called "Delegate".

2. DAMAGE RESPONSIBILITY: Delegate is responsible for any damage he causes to be done to the host hotel in excess of normal wear during the dates of the convention or for the duration of his stay.

3. INDEMNITY: Delegate agrees to indemnify and hold harmless the hotel and Chiron Rising Publications, Inc. against all claims, damages, losses and expenses, including, but not limited to attorney's fees, arising out of or resulting from errors, omissions, or negligent or intentional acts committed by Delegate.

4. APPAREL: Delegate agrees to refrain from wearing in public: costumes, cross-dressing apparel, or clothing with sexually explicit or offensive inscriptions thereon.

5. BADGES: Delegate agrees to wear the CR-provided badge at all times during functions and understands that he will not be granted entrance to such functions without one.

6. CAMERAS: Delegate agrees to confine any videography to areas outside the function rooms and to get permission from subjects prior to taping. Delegate understands that still photography is allowed in all areas, provided permission is granted by photographed subjects.

7. CONDUCT: Delegate agrees not to indulge in a) sexual or sexually suggestive behavior (including passionate kissing) outside the private rooms; b) offensive behavior, including the verbal or physical abuse of another; c) or disruptive or potentially damaging behavior caused by intoxication.

8. CONFISCATION AND EXPULSION: Delegate understands that the breach of this agreement could result in confiscation of his video cassette, his expulsion from the convention without refund, or both, contingent upon the final decision by the Event Directors.

I have carefully read, fully understand, and agree to abide by the above agreement.
Signature: _____
Date: _____

Signature: _____
Patrick H. Colley, President & CEO

Please make a copy of this agreement for yourself and send the signed original to:

Chiron Rising Publications, Inc.
P.O. Box 2589
Victorville, CA 92393.

CR PRICE LIST AND ORDER FORM (Please order from a copy of this form and circle items requested)

MAGAZINES

SUBSCRIPTIONS	U.S. FIRST CLASS AIRMAIL- CANADA/MEXICO CENTRAL/SO AMERICA	AIR MAIL ELSEWHERE
6 ISSUES - 6 bimonthly issues of CR.	38.00	50.00
3 ISSUES - three bimonthly issues of CR.	20.00	26.00
CR BACK ISSUES: 58,59,60,61,62,63,64,65,66,67,68,69	5.00 EA	7.00 EA
CRC BACK ISSUES: 2,3,4,5,6	5.00 EA	7.00 EA
GLOSSY BACK ISSUES: CR 70,71,72,73,74,75; CRC #7,8	8.00 EA	10.00 EA

Note: Postage and handling charges are included in the above pricing. Not subject to sales tax.

EVENTS - ADVANCED REGISTRATION

11/16-17/96 CHARLOTTE REGIONAL ASSEMBLY - FULL REG	$60.00 (thru 10/31) - $70 at door
2/22-23/97 SYDNEY REGIONAL ASSEMBLY - FULL REG.	$75.00 (thru10/31) - $85 (thru 12/31)
5/23-26/97 GATHERING '97 - ORLANDO - FULL REG.	$180.00 (thru 12/31) - $200.00 (thru 4/30)

OTHER MERCHANDISE

		BASE PRICE, ALL LOCATIONS
VIDEO:	ORLANDO '95 (VHS-NTSC)*	10.95 EA
	ORLANDO '95 (VHS-PAL)	11.95 EA
BOOK:	QUINCUNX by P.H. Colley - (Perfect bound soft cover)	10.95 EA
APPAREL:	CAP WITH CR LOGO	8.00 EA
	T-SHIRT WITH CR LOGO (Circle size - L, XL, XXL, XXXL)	17.00 EA

OTHER MERCHANDISE SHIPPING AND HANDLING: (Choose one and add to order)

UPS - Continental U.S.	5.00 per item
Priority Mail - Cont. U.S., HI, AK, PR; 1st Class Can., Mex., Cen/So America	5.00 per item
Air Mail Postage - Europe	8.00 per item
Air Mail Postage - Africa, Middle East and Pacific Rim	10.00 per item

ADD SALES TAX for California Customers Only - 8.5% of Total Base Price

(* VHS-NTSC is the system used in North America and Japan. VHS-PAL is used in Europe and Australia.)

SORRY, NO COD OR CREDIT CARD ORDERS. ALLOW 2 TO 6 WEEKS FOR DELIVERY. WE ARE NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR CONFISCATION BY FOREIGN CUSTOMS. Enclose check or money order in U.S. funds (postal money order or American Express Moneygram only from overseas—no checks unless through U.S. banks), payable to CHIRON RISING. DO NOT SEND CASH. Mail to CHIRON RISING PUBLICATIONS, INC., P.O. Box 2589, Victorville, CA 92393. Wire Transfer Instructions: Wire to Chiron Rising Publications, Inc., Routing Number 122000247, Account Number 0344-690615, Wells Fargo Bank, 14554 - 7th St., Victorville, CA 92392

NAME: _____

ADDRESS: _____

CITY/ST (PROVINCE)/ZIP (CODE):_____

COUNTRY: _____

I certify that I am over the age of 18, having been born on Day ____/ Month ____/ Year ____.

Signature: _____

MINIMUM ORDER: $10.00

NOTE: THE ABOVE SUBSCRIPTION PRICING IS IN EFFECT THROUGH 12/31/96. SUBJECT TO A 10% PRICE INCREASE THEREAFTER.

HOW TO ORDER A CLASSIFIED AD

NOTE: IN ORDER FOR AN AD TO APPEAR IN ISSUE #77(DECEMBER 96), IT MUST BE RECEIVED AT CR NO LATER THAN OCTOBER 15, 1996.

Instructions are as follows:

1. On a sheet of paper, type or legitably PRINT your ad the way you want it to appear in CR, then figure your cost.

2. Multiply the number of words by 30 ¢ and multiply that times the number of issues in which you want the ad to appear.

3. If you are using a codeword *(An alias only you and we know. We receive your mail, decode and forward to you)*, you must multiply $5 by the number of issues in which you want the ad to appear and add to the total. If you do use a codeword, make sure it is unique. We will assign another name if your particular codeword has already been taken.

4. If you want to use your telephone number in the ad, you must include $5 for a one time verification and add that to the total as well (not applicable if you've placed an ad with your telephone number in the past year).

IMPORTANT:

YOU MUST USE YOUR REAL NAME, AN ALIAS OR INITIALS IF YOU USE A P.O. BOX. WE WILL NOT ALLOW THE USE OF "OCCUPANT" OR "BOX HOLDER" OR A BLANK SPACE. YOU MAY NOT PLACE AN AD FOR SOMEONE ELSE. WE RESERVE THE RIGHT TO ALTER, RE-WRITE OR REJECT ANY AD WE FEEL IS NOT IN THE BEST INTEREST OF THIS PUBLICATION. YOUR REAL NAME, ADDRESS AND SIGNATURE AT THE BOTTOM OF YOUR NOTE INDICATES THAT YOU AUTHORIZE THE PRINTING OF THE AD AND TAKE FULL RESPONSIBILITY FOR ANY INCIDENT OR RELATIONSHIP RESULTING THEREFROM. YOUR AD WILL NOT BE PUBLISHED WITHOUT THIS INFORMATION INCLUDED.

SAMPLE AD ORDER

DEAR CHIRON RISING,

PLEASE PLACE THE FOLLOWING AD IN YOUR NEXT AVAILABLE ISSUE UNDER UTAH:

"SALT LAKE CITY/NATIONWIDE: GWM, 66, 5'-8", 187#, bald with white fringe, seeks 30-65,
(word count) 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15
preferably hairy and stocky, for friendship and more. I enjoy skiing, hiking, camping, fishing, cooking,
16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30
traveling, and gardening. Your photo (will return) and telephone number will get a prompt reply.
31 32 33 34 35 36 37 38 39 40 41 42 43 44 45
Write: J.D., 1840 Calle Donde Esta, Salt Lake City, UT 84199, or call (801) 555-1212."
46 47 48 49 50 51 52 53 54 55 56 57 58 ————59———

59 words @ 30 ¢ = $ 17.70 X 3 Issues = $53.10
Telephone confirmation 5.00

Total Enclosed $58.10

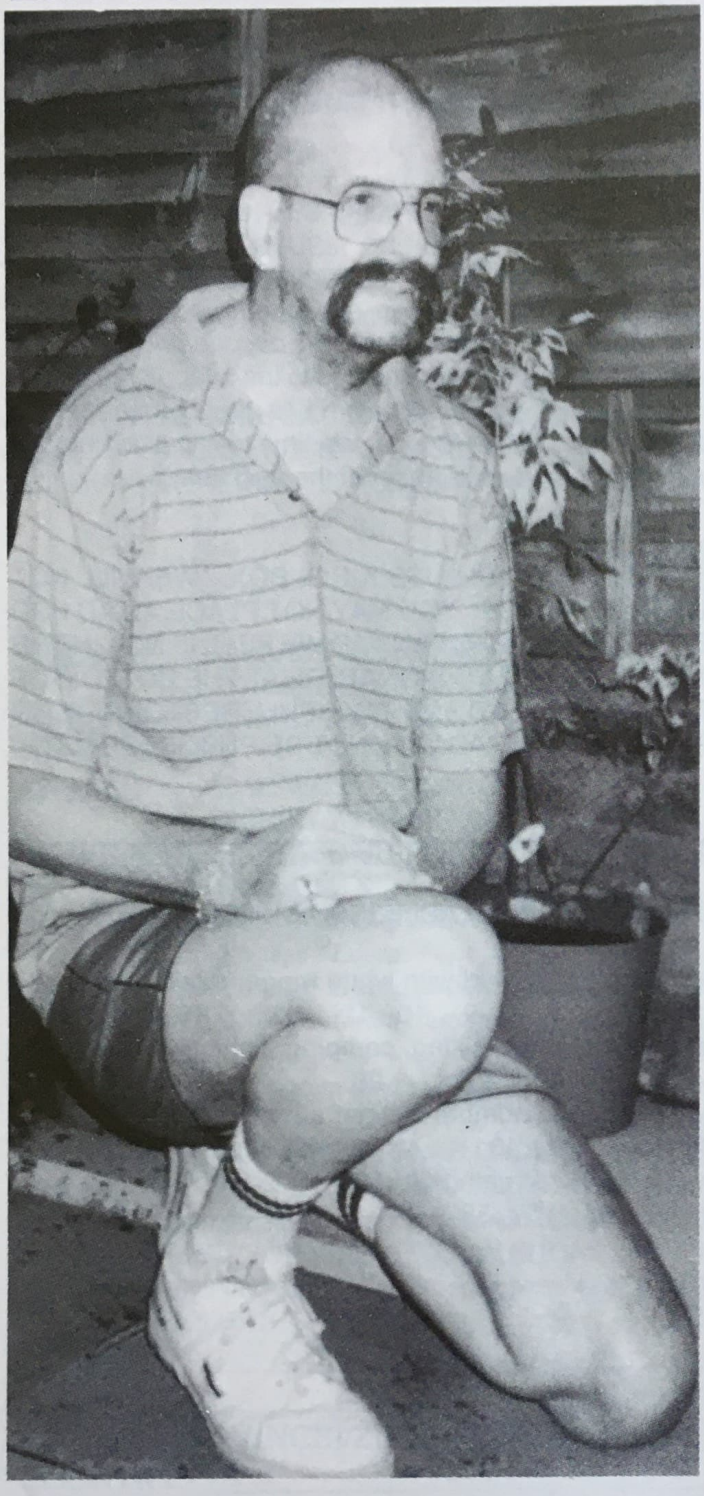
My name and address: John Derringer
1840 Calle Donde Esta
Salt Lake City, UT 84199

I authorize the printing of the above ad and take full responsibility for any incident or relationship resulting therefrom. I am over the age of 18.

Signed: _____

ORDERS NOT USING THE ABOVE FORMAT WILL BE RETURNED. PLEASE NOTE THAT WE DO NOT SEND NOTICES OUT THAT YOUR AD IS EXPIRING. THE DATE PRECEDING YOUR AD IS YOUR EXPIRATION DATE.

LAYTON Brook



SHIRT LIFTER

IN CLOSING

Last issue we challenged our readers to help us tap into the mainstream media. We ended the IN CLOSING with a dramatic "We either tear down the wall or remain obscure behind it." As far as we know for sure, only a handful of CR readers bothered to write *Modern Maturity*. One Hall of Famer called and fretted that perhaps AARP would retaliate against such a letter by cancelling his membership. Those who did write, thank you. Those who didn't, thank you for the important feedback. We couldn't ask for a more effective survey. It becomes painfully obvious that the majority of our readers couldn't give a rat's ass about the familial or fraternal aspects of our little movement (*you make magazine, many pictures, big dicks, I buy ... maybe*).

And speaking of writing, all those letters from readers requesting a CR-sponsored cruise must have been written by gremlins. I'm too embarrassed to reveal how few readers signed up for the Australia/Java Sea cruise. Of course, we cancelled it because it didn't attract near enough passengers to warrant a free cabin for us. (If you think we can afford $6,000 vacations, then you haven't been paying attention.) The Sydney Regional is still on (and has been changed to a better date), but there will not be any mini-regionals in Brisbane, Cairns, Darwin, or Singapore. The next person who writes and suggests a CR-sponsored cruise will receive a 50-pound box of useless brochures from Orient Lines.

And speaking of lack of interest, just 26 men have volunteered for The Order of the Silver Simba. Conspicuously missing from the list are some of our more prominent "healers of souls and psyches." It reminds me of a prostitute I drank with in Miami back in the 60s. "I don't give away no free samples, Honey," she always said. Doesn't anyone do pro bono anymore? As for you hundreds of guys who have gone through bereavement and have something to offer, excuse me for presuming that you'd want to give anything back in honor of those who helped *you* through it. I heard the word "family" so many times in San Diego that I though I'd fast-forwarded to the Republican convention, but I really wonder how many readers understand the obligations of being a family member. Okay, so The Order of the Silver Simba is going to be a rather small pride of battered lions, but we're going to do a great job anyway.

And speaking of presuming, boy did I ever get my knuckles rapped. Over the past couple of years, I've experienced some pretty tough lapses of confidence while attempting to lead CRPI out of its rut. One especially dark week, while mourning the death of a good friend and trying to understand a rather painful betrayal, I quietly reached out to three men I held in the greatest esteem. Each seemed surprised that I was in such bad condition and bowed out so fast that they created a vacuum. It reminded me of Ev the Rev. He was a married Lutheran minister whom I met in a Chicago bar back in 1965. He said, "You know, I've helped hundreds of couples get their marriages back together, but no one wants to help me save my own."

And sure enough, when things began to get 100 times tougher and I needed outside help the most, I was afraid to reach out to anyone. I was left staring at the wall while trying to fathom why a tearful resignation right out of "The Twilight Zone" suddenly warped into a "wrongful termination" with a claim of $17,000 in unpaid "overtime" and a letter to CRPI stockholders charging that I was a crook.

As of this writing, we have expended almost $6,000 on surveillance, security, medical, red tape, and investigative expenses; and 171 hours (not included in the sum above) of lost time appearing in San Bernardino County Superior Court, waiting in lines, appearing before the California Labor Standards Enforcement board, talking to lawyers, preparing a 200-page chronology of events, typing endless letters to endless bureaucrats. We held off retaining a specialized attorney for $2,500, hoping that reason would prevail or that someone would come forward with some sage advice other than, "Hire a corporate trial attorney!". Now we have to bite the bullet and reach deeper, or the notoriously biased state will rule against us just because they can. We've never before felt so abandoned and vulnerable. This, the reward for ten years of expenses only recompense.

So what's next? Sexual harassment? *Race* discrimination? Where does it end?

We've made our mark on a little slice of society by putting together a magazine and learning how to throw big parties. We love doing that sort of thing, but we're getting

weary of the rank bullshit that goes with trying to protect CR. The one behind the current siege is perhaps excited by the power he thinks he wields, but we've yet to go for his throat with all the legal tools at our disposal. (Can't wait to get him under oath.) No claimant or plaintiff can ever get their hands on our data base or any substantial amount of cash. We've done our homework.

As long as CR is destined to remain an obscure magazine, it is now time for downsizing. Effective the first of the year, CRPI will have no employees. Back to basic business practices. Six- and three-issue subscription prices will go up by 10%, and CR Classics will cease publishing. We will reduce our press run and refrain from stocking and marketing back issues. The first correspondence answered will be that which is accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope. As long as the events remain profitable, CRPI will continue sponsoring four high-quality ones per year: one gathering and three regionals. They will continue to be the best entertainment packages for men like us.

Chiron Rising Magazine can no longer be held afloat by other ventures while awaiting that big break. It will have to stand on its own, which means we'll restructure until receipts and expenses are similar. Charity begins at home.

Are we bitter? Pissed off, perhaps, but we're more embarrassed than anything else. The good coming from all this is that we're a lot smarter. Difficult times expose kinks in the armor. Being betrayed and stabbed in the back by those you've trusted brings you around to reality: assholes in our society are legion, but the majority of humans are benign, mostly indifferent creatures who really don't have a clue. Then there are those rare, noble, caring souls who create so much joy for others. It's so wonderful to know that we attract just enough of these special people to keep us from becoming benign and indifferent.

You know who you are, and we love you dearly. We'll go to the wall with you.

Pat and Bruce

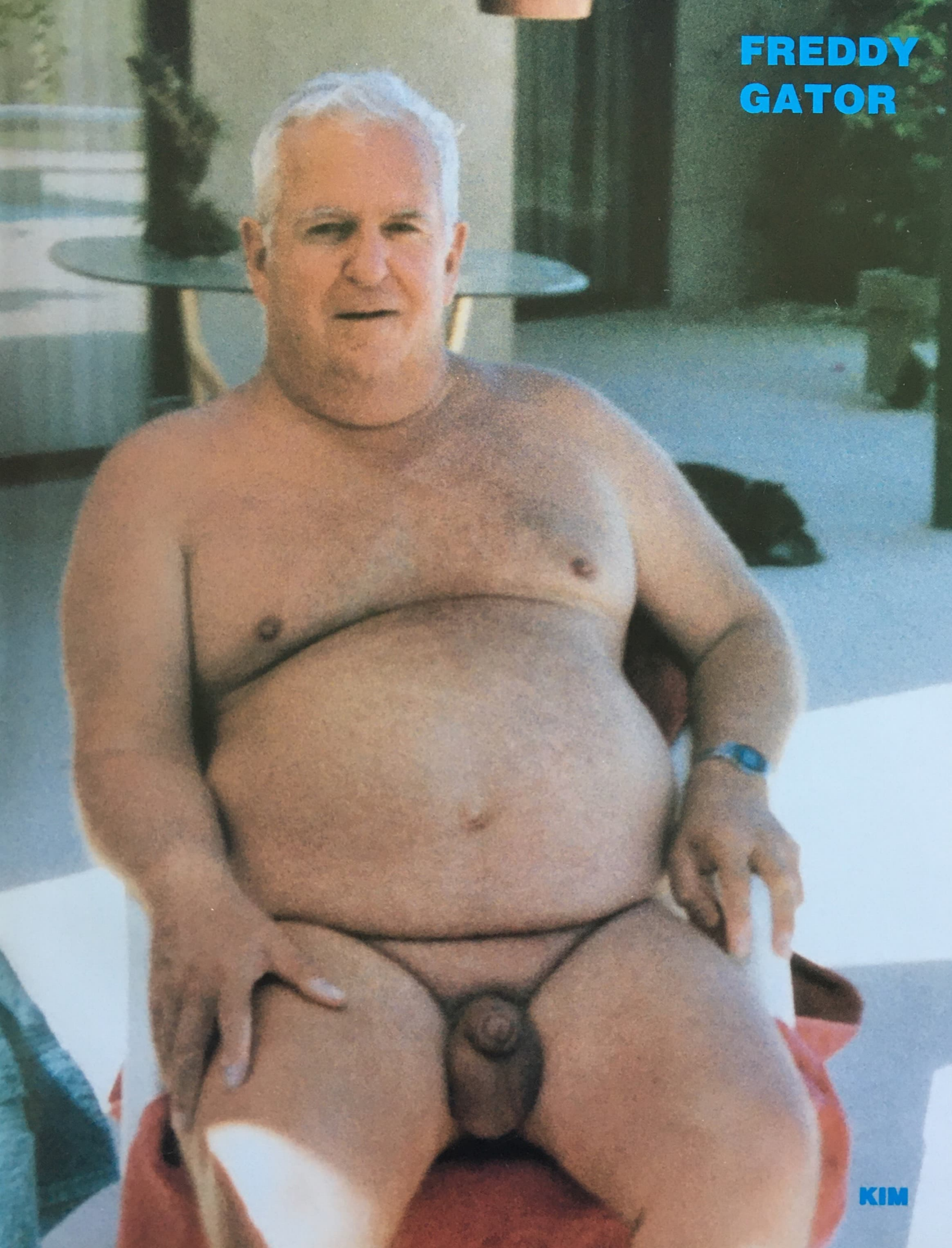
CHIRON RISING PUBLICATIONS, INC. WARRANTS TO ALL ITS CUSTOMERS THAT THEIR NAMES AND ADDRESSES WILL NEVER BE LOANED, SOLD, GIVEN OR SURRENDERED TO ANYONE FOR ANY REASON.

TOO LATE TO MAKE PLANS FOR THE GAY MARDI GRAS IN SYDNEY?

THEN DO THE NEXT BEST THING...

THE CRPI SYDNEY REGIONAL ASSEMBLY HYATT REGENCY SYDNEY FEBRUARY 22 AND 23, 1997

A PRIDE OF SILVER LIONS WILL KICK OFF GAY MARDI GRAS, BUT DON'T TELL ANYBODY


FREDDY
GATOR
KIM

BEACHBOY